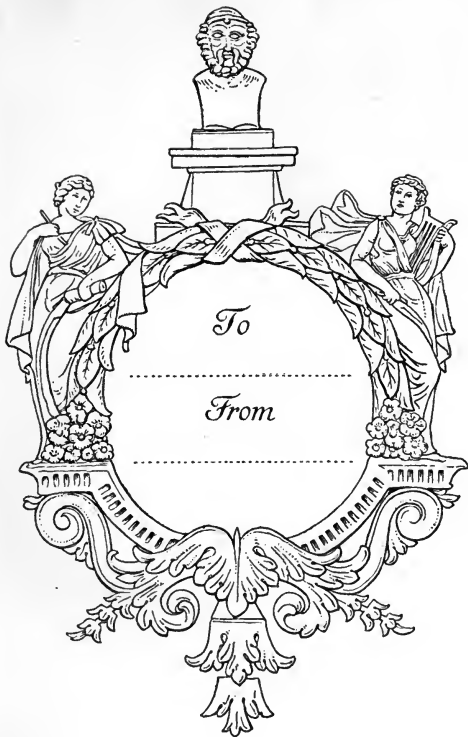






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THE ANNUAL





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THE ANNUAL

Being a Selection from the

FORGET-ME-NOTS

KEEPSAKES

and other Annuals of the

Nineteenth Century



Edited by

DOROTHY WELLESLEY

With an Introduction by

V. SACKVILLE-WEST



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INTRODUCTION

THE enterprising brain of Mr. Rudolph Ackermann, in its time, conceived many ingenious and varied ideas. Ever since he abandoned his native Saxony, to establish himself as a print-seller in the Strand, he had never stood still for a moment. He was among the first to use gas as an illuminant in his shop. He had patented a method for rendering cloth and paper waterproof. He had patented a movable carriage axle of his invention. He had designed Lord Nelson's funeral car. He had built a factory; he had set up a press. He had instituted the monthly Repository of Arts, Literature, Fashions and Manufactures. He had published the works of Dr. Syntax, Ephraim Hardcastle, and Geoffrey Gambado. He had introduced the art of lithography into England. He had secured the services of Rowlandson, Prout, Nash and Pugin. His literary evenings, on Wednesdays in March and April, were famous. What was there left for him to do? The century was already in its early twenties, when a new idea occurred to Mr. Ackermann. It occurred to him then that he might be well advised to "rival the numerous and elegant publications of the Continent, expressly designed to serve as tok-

ens of remembrance, friendship, or affection, at that season of the year which ancient custom has particularly consecrated to the interchange of such memorials"; and from this idea was born, in the winter of 1823, the first *Forget-me-not*, an agreeable little volume speedily succeeded by a crop of imitators.

Mr. Ackermann, as well he might be, was pleased with his idea. The Annual sold in its thousands; even its tens of thousands. He was pleased, too, with his production and its contents. He flattered himself that, "as well from the nature of the literary department, in which it had been his aim to unite the agreeable with the useful, as from the execution of the graphic embellishments, this first volume of the *Forget-me-not* would be deemed not unworthy of the purpose for which it was intended." He could repose himself, in fact, upon the comfortable reflection that he had done his work well, and that his idea had caught on. It had. Each successive November witnessed the appearance of innumerable Annuals, which, whether entitled *Keepsake*, *Bijou*, *Gem*, *Amethyst*, *Emerald*, *Talisman*, *Amulet*, *Amaranth*, *Friendship's Offering*, *Winter's Wreath*, *Anniversary*, *Literary Souvenir*, or *Aurora Borealis*, all traced

their origin to Mr. Ackermann's ingenuity. Nor were these anthologies issued by their compilers in any vain or irresponsible spirit. Pleasure was to be combined with instruction and improvement. "Undeterred by the caprice of Fashion or the censure of Prejudice,"—thus ran a preface,—“we offer the present volume as a new pledge of our conviction that we have a higher duty to perform than merely to minister to the amusement of the frivolous; and that it shall be, as it has hitherto been, our aim to mingle with lighter matters as much information and as many a sound moral lesson as our opportunities and limits enable us to do.” The pre-Victorian and the Victorian public lapped it up. The popularity of the *Annuals*, introduced into England by Mr. Ackermann, continued undiminished for years.

They were indeed admirably adapted to suit the Victorian taste. Every ingredient was skillfully included. Switzerland and Caledonia; romantic love and the triumph of virtue; feminine modesty and manly strength; phantoms, ruins, graveyards, and wild valleys; the fruits of sportive fancy and the comfort of an elevated moral tone—nothing was lacking to turn these little offerings into a deserved success.

The form was compact, the binding dainty; and on the fly-leaf was frequently engraved a vignette with space to write the donor's name, and the recipient's, and any little graceful dedication as might be thought fit. What more suitable present for a gentleman to give a lady? or a nephew, anxiously hunting for a Christmas present for his aunt? One of the minor problems of life was solved—had been solved for the English nation by Mr. Ackermann, thoughtfully holding his taper to the gas-jet at 86 Strand. Not in vain was Mr. Ackermann a compatriot—although by anticipation—of the Prince Consort. He had hit the public taste exactly.

A perusal of the present representative selection, this nosegay picked from the flower-beds of many publishers over a period of many years, will surely convince the reader that the enterprise was marked out for a roaring trade. We may read, to-day, indeed, in a spirit tinged by an amusement and a curiosity lacking in our grandparents; our absorption may, to-day, have become tainted with something of an antiquarian interest. We smile, where our grandparents saw no reason for a smile. We gain as much as we lose. Still, be it for one

reason or another, we continue to find these contributions irresistible. Who could refrain from reading to the end a story which opened with these words: "Mamma!" exclaimed the little Lady Laura Llangollin one morning to the beautiful Countess of Chepstow, "what is a boudoir?" What, indeed, was a boudoir but a place in which to recline—somewhat stiffly, by reason of the whalebone—on cushions and abandon oneself to the delights of the Annual delivered by the postman that morning? The scent of the boudoir hangs over all these miniature pages. They are so exceedingly ladylike. Who, again, could ignore Mrs. Sigourney's account of Queen Victoria opening Parliament in 1841? In clear and silver tones of wondrous melody the young queen descanted free of foreign climes where Albion's ships had borne their thunders, but still there was one little word, imbedded in her soul, which yet she uttered not: her *babe*, young mother, dearer than all royal pageantry! Leaning upon her consort's arm, she passed forth to the gorgeous car of state, by noble coursers drawn exultingly, that little word unspoken. Again, what soul so dead could despise the pathos of "a sable vest thrown casually over a lady's harp, which had

for some time been mute and untouched, owing to her indisposition"? or could remain insensible to the charms of a lady gathering a convolvulus for an evening party? How different, again, how illuminatingly different, is the upbringing of Lady Laura Llangollin to that of Ellen and Mary, heroines of the Pink Satin Sashes! Yet how skilfully does humanity pervade the whole! From the Throne down to Ellen and Mary, across the Alps of Mimili, the same gentle and romantic domesticity casts its roseate hues over the scene. Soothing, elevating, or sprightly, the *Annals* fittingly penetrated into the boudoir and remain to-day enshrined as the evocation of a remembered age.

The exigencies of space have, alas, forbidden the inclusion of Leigh Hunt's essay in the present volume. Leigh Hunt, of course, could not be expected to survey the Victorian era at the angle from which we squint at it. He had grown up too completely in the Byronic tradition; he could not stand back and estimate the taste of his own day in any detached perspective. He retained, rather, something of the aesthetic niceties of the preceding century; and thus we find him more delicately concerned with the exterior and the historical associations of the

Annual, or Pocket-book, than with the incongruities of its content. With all the refinement of the dilettante, he traces the development of the Annual from those old pocket-books that had grown corpulent with receipts, acrostics, and rebuses, and copies of verses, and cuttings out of newspapers, until the hook of the clasp had got from eyelet to eyelet, and could unbuckle no further. These collections, he admits, were of no size to be carried in a gentleman's pocket; they were fit, rather, to lie in a drawer full of lavender, like so many abbots in clover. Yet a note of regret—we may detect it—creeps in, veiled by ostensible commendation, when he comes to the more convenient compressions in vogue at his date of writing. He tries hard to be fair. That the little albums endeavour to contain the greatest quantity of matter in the smallest compass, he will not deny; nor that a person may now have the old pocket-book, the old almanac, and the old tablets all confined in a Lilliputian book no thicker than a penny's worth of gingerbread. The word keepsake has his approval too; it is a good English word, cordial, unpremeditated, concise; extremely to the purpose, and, though plain, implying a value. Thus far he will appraise the Annual. He

will dwell, too, upon the pleasantness of a pretty binding, and will esteem the pretty row of little books, with the sun striking on them, and all the colours of a flower garden or a cathedral window. He will recommend the giver to mark his favourite passages throughout, and so present the giver's and the author's mind at once. But then, as it were in spite of himself, he sighs. It is as though some ghost of a suspicion of facility and cheapness had crossed his mind, for common-places of a certain description will always be saleable, because they flatter the self-love of a great number of readers, who are pleased to find their notions re-echoed and who think they could write pretty nearly as well. It is necessary to peer very closely between the lines if we are to discover that, in his opinion, the fine stag of literature eludes so ready a capture.

Leigh Hunt, however, forgot to mention the true beauties of the keepsake. The excitement, to him, was not so great as it is to us, of meeting for the first time in print the felicities of those who to him were contemporaries, but who to us are remote and legendary figures. The blame cannot lie on him. Should we not ourselves, to-day, open a periodical with equal

casualness upon the verses of a contemporary poet destined in the year 2,000 to reflect a glory even upon those who had seen him plain? Thus, in the paragraphs of Leigh Hunt's essay no mention occurs of the names which startle us in the company of the Revd. Dr. Booker, the Ven. Archdeacon Butler, Miss Laetitia Jermyn, and Miss Hannah Mary Jones. He could appraise the minor delicacies of the Annual without reference to such contributors as Percy Bysshe Shelley, the late John Keats, William Wordsworth, S. T. Coleridge, William Beckford, Lord Byron, John Clare, or Charles Lamb. Nor did it strike him as in any way remarkable that King George IV should have contributed a translation of Servius Sulpicius' epistle to Cicero. (We should, I think, come with some surprise upon an analogous contribution by King George V in, say, the pages of the *London Mercury*.) Leigh Hunt took all these things for granted. With commendable restraint, he forebore even from censuring these distinguished authors for an anticipatory attempt at the popularisation of letters. He perhaps preferred not to mention them, in such connexion, at all.

But we may be permitted to wonder whether

some severer spirits expressed, within the privacy of their homes, that disapproval of which Leigh Hunt gives us but an inkling? Were there some who deplored the lucky-dip character of the Annual, and resented the inclusion of their literary mentors among a lot of parcels smothered in bran? Did some fastidious scholar sniff audibly while his lady fluttered the pages and sighed with delight as she discovered some unknown gem by Lord Tennyson, suitably illustrated by a dry-print engraving? History is silent. And possibly, our shot at a venture is a shot without a mark. It was, after all, a day when the lady ruled in the boudoir—if in the boudoir only—and Mr. Ackermann foresaw that the path of literature might remuneratively be made easy.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

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*Footnotes, unless where followed by
 "Ed.," have been reprinted as appen-
 ded to the original of the extract.*

MAY

SAY, need we make the fond request,
Why *May*, of months, is thought the best?
Is it because all nature's gay,
That flow'rets bloom, and zephyrs play?
Or is it then the passions move,
Or Muses ask to sing of love?
No, 'tis that, dreary winter past,
The spring, enliven'd, breathes at last,
And does in all its glow appear
To give the promise of the year.
This is the month, the laughing time,
When youth, exulting in its prime,
Snatches the hey-days' joyous hour;
Though oft beneath the fragrant flower
Some serpent Vice may seize the heart,
Or to th' incautious mind impart,
In many a tempting form so fair,
What may increase and fester there—
Of *May*, then; thoughtless youth beware!

Now to the Muse it doth belong
To sing the gay but moral song,
To weave the garlands sweet and fair,
That Reason's choice may seek to wear,
Which, not by wanton pleasure, made
Just to adorn the month and fade,

But in their varying forms appear
 Throughout each season of the year;
 And, as life hastens on its way,
 Bid time to snatch an hour, and stay }
 To think an hour on blooming May. }

Still let Remembrance keep in view,
 The honour'd name of MONTAGUE.*
 She op'd her sumptuous doors to bless
 The sooty urchins of distress,
 Who, through the year, could call on *May*, }
 To give them *one* auspicious day, }
 Which fed them well, and made them gay. }

From FORGET ME NOT, 1823

*Mrs. Montague's *May-Day* festival to the Chimney Sweepers, in Portman Square, will long be remembered.

THE WATER NYMPH

BY T. HOOD

ALAS, that e'er the moon should beam
 To shew what man should never see!
 I saw a maiden on a stream,
 And fair was she.

I staid awhile to see her throw
Her tresses back, that all beset
The fair horizon of her brow
With locks of jet.

I staid a little while to view
Her cheek, that wore, in place of red,
The bloom of water, tender blue,
Daintily spread.

I staid to watch a little space,
Her parted lips—if she would sing:
The waters closed above her face
With many a ring.

And still I watch'd a little more—
Alas! she never comes again;
I cast my flowers from the shore—
But all in vain.

I know my life must wear away—
I know that I must vainly pine;
For I am made of mortal clay—
But she's divine!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1826

A TRAGEDY OF OTHER TIMES,

BUT ENACTED IN OUR OWN*

BY THE HON. GEORGE AGAR ELLIS

The following relation of a true story was given to me in conversation at Paris, in 1816, by General Hulot, who was aide-de-camp to Marshal Junot Duke of Abrantes, at the time it happened.

IN the year 1805, while General Junot was governor of Paris, as a poor mason inhabiting that city was returning one evening from his day's work through the Champs Elysées, he was accosted by three men, whose features the darkness of the evening prevented him from distinguishing. They asked him if he was willing to come with them forthwith, for the purpose of executing a work in masonry, which it was necessary should be completed before the morning. He expressed his readiness to do so, provided he was well paid for it. They then promised him five and twenty Napoleons as his reward, on condition that he would consent to

*It is upon this incident that the popular vaudeville entitled the 'Maçon' was founded.

After the printing of this sheet had commenced, an imperfect relation of the same story appeared in a weekly newspaper, where it was inserted without the permission or knowledge of the author.

have his eyes blinded, and would come with them without an instant's delay.

The mason acceded to the proposal, and a handkerchief was bound over his eyes. The men then led him along at a quick pace for some time. At length they stopped, and told him he was now to get into a carriage. Having placed him in it, and got in themselves, the carriage drove off with rapidity. For a considerable space of time they rolled over the stones, but afterwards left them, and appeared to be passing along a cross road. About an hour's drive brought them to the end of their journey. The carriage halted, and the mason was taken out of it. He was then led through various passages, and up and down staircases; probably for the purpose of rendering it the more difficult for him upon any future occasion to trace his way.

When the bandage was taken from his eyes, he found himself in a room illuminated with many wax candles, and hung with black cloth. The floor, the walls, and the ceiling were alike covered with these mournful hangings; and no part of the apartment was without them, except one large niche in the wall, near which were placed stones and mortar, and the neces-

sary implements for making use of them. The mason was astonished and alarmed at all he saw: he turned round to seek an explanation of it, but found himself entirely alone.

He had full leisure to examine the funereal ornaments by which he was surrounded: but at length he heard a noise, and a portion of the hanging being lifted up, discovered a door, which was thrown open. Through this entered a number of men in black cloaks, and whose faces were concealed by masks. They entered, dragging with them a beautiful young woman, whose dishevelled black hair, streaming eyes, and disordered dress, proved, at the same time, her misery, and the compulsion under which she was suffering.

As soon as she was in the room, she sunk on her knees before her masked conductors, and implored them in the most moving manner to have pity on her; but they only replied by shaking their heads. She particularly addressed herself to one of them, who, from his gray hairs, appeared to be older than the rest. She embraced his knees, and, with sobs and cries, besought his mercy. To these supplications no answer was given; but upon a signal made, she was again dragged forward, and, in spite of her

screams and resistance, was forced into the niche, where she was bound with cords.

The gray-haired mask then desired the mason to begin his task, and to wall her up. But the poor man, horror-struck with what he had seen, and affected beyond measure with the imploring lamentations of the lady, who besought him not to be an accessory to so foul a murder, refused to proceed. Upon this the masks began to threaten him. The mason fell on his knees, and entreated to be permitted to depart. But the masks drew their swords from beneath their cloaks, and told him, with imprecations, that if he continued to refuse to perform what he had promised, instant death should be his portion; while, on the other hand, if he obeyed, his reward should be doubled.

The poor man, thus intimidated, commenced unwillingly his horrible task, but stopped from time to time, and requested to be permitted to desist. The masks, however, stood over him the whole time with drawn swords, and obliged him to proceed; till at length, while the shrieks of the victim became every instant more dreadfully piercing, as the wall rose upon her which was to shut her out from life, the tragedy was completed, and the niche was hermetically

sealed with solid masonry.

The mason threw down his trowel more dead than alive—the gray-haired mask put fifty Napoleons into his hand—his eyes were again covered, and he was hurried from the room in which this tremendous scene had taken place. As on his arrival, he was carried up and down through various passages, and then put into a carriage. The carriage was whirled along as rapidly as before; and after the stated period, the mason found himself with his eyes uncovered on the spot in the Champs Elysées where he had first been met, and alone!

The night was now far advanced, or rather, the morning was approaching. The man was stunned and bewildered with what he had witnessed; but, after a short time, he recovered the use of his intellects so far, as to determine to go forthwith to the governor of Paris. Having with difficulty got admission to Junot, his tale was at first disbelieved; but the fifty Napoleons which he produced, and still more, the unvarying accuracy with which he related the different circumstances of that dreadful night, at length gained him entire credit.

The police employed themselves very diligently for some weeks in tracing the scene of the

crime, and the perpetrators of it. Various houses within a certain distance of the capital were searched, and the walls of rooms were inspected, to see if any marks of fresh made stone-work could be discovered. The principal house-agents of Paris, the letters out of carriages and horses, the guards at the *barrières*, &c., were examined, in the hopes of finding some clue, but entirely without success.

This mysterious murder remained, and still remains unexplained and unpunished; but conjecture imagined it to have been an act of family vengeance. According to this solution, the masks were the father and brothers of the unfortunate lady, who was considered in some way or other to have dishonoured her race. They were also supposed to have been strangers from some distant part of the country who had come to the neighbourhood of Paris for the purpose of completing this vindictive act, and had gone away again after its perpetration.

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1830

EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRLS' SCHOOL

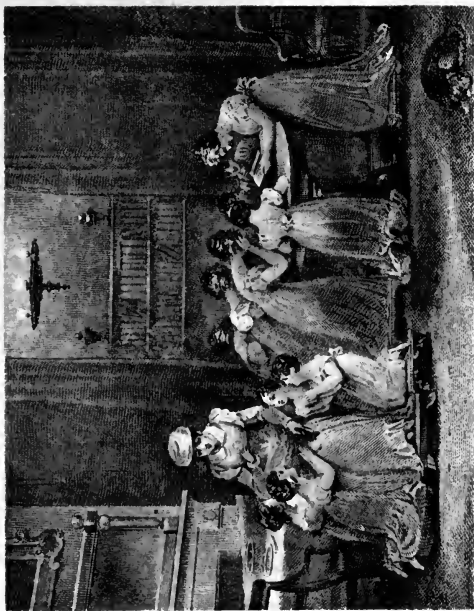
BY MRS. HEMANS

Now in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforget;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength, to thee.

BERNARD BARTON.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour!—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp
sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on bright
young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouch'd by
care,
And bow'd—as flowers are bow'd with night—
in prayer.

Gaze on, 'tis lovely!—childhood's lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought!
Gaze, yet what seest thou in those fair and
meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine
wrought?



Handwritten: 1864

PRINTING PRAYSIS.



—Thou seest what grief must nurture for the
sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

O joyous creatures! that will sink to rest
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress'd,
Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun;
Lift up your hearts! tho' yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th' untroub-
led springs
Of hope make melody where'er ye tread,
And o'er your sleep bright shadows, from the
wings
Of spirits visiting but youth, be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman's tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you!—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffer-
ing's hour,
And sumless riches, from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you!—to be found untir'd,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspir'd,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be
vain!
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore
pray!

And take the thought of this calm vesper-time,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery
light,
On through the dark days fading from their
prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from
blight!
Earth will forsake—Oh! happy to have given
Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto
Heaven!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1826

LINES

TO A LADY WHO HAD REFUSED THREE SEPARATE
PROPOSALS; WITH A CAMEO FIGURE OF SAPPHO

BY H. BRANDRETH, ESQ.

Oh! mark that cheek, so wan, so pale,
That hectic brow, those eyes of fire—
'Tis Sappho tells her love-sick tale;
'Tis Sappho strikes the Lesbian lyre.

Full many a youth her beauty praised,
Full many a youth but met her scorn—
All loved as on her face they gazed,
Yet all were left to weep forlorn.

Young Cupid saw, nor saw unmoved,
His arrow pierced the haughty fair;—
She too in turn as madly loved,
And woo'd—but only woo'd despair.

Then like her, Lady, be not proud,
Lest chance her mournful fate be thine—
Thy bridal vest but Ocean's shroud,
The sea-nymph's coral caves Love's
shrine.

No, rather love while love again
With smile meets smile, and sigh with
sigh—
Youth fled, thou too mayst love in vain,
Like Sappho love—like Sappho die.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1825

THE LAST DAY

BY WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

HARK! Heard ye not that deep appalling sound?
Tremble! for lo! the vexed affrighted ground
Heaves strong in dread convulsion,—streams
of fire
Burst from the 'vengeful sky—a voice of ire
Proclaims, 'Ye guilty, wait your final doom:
No more the silent refuge of the tomb
Shall screen your crimes, your frailties.'
Conscience reigns,
Earth needs no other sceptre;—what remains
Beyond her fated limits, dare not tell;—
Eternal Justice! Judgment! Heaven! Hell!

From THE TALISMAN, 1831

THE AZIOLA

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

"Do you not hear the Aziola cry?
Methinks she must be nigh,"
Said Mary, as we sate
In dusk, ere stars were lit, or candles brought;
And I, who thought
This Aziola was some tedious woman,
Asked, "Who is Aziola?" how elate
I felt to know that it was nothing human,
No mockery of myself to fear or hate:
And Mary saw my soul,
And laugh'd, and said, "Disquiet yourself not;
'Tis nothing but a little downy owl."

Sad Aziola! many an eventide
Thy music I had heard
By wood and stream, meadow and mountain
side,
And fields and marshes wide,
Such as nor voice, nor lute, nor wind, nor bird,
The soul ever stirr'd;
Unlike, and far sweeter than them all.
Sad Aziola! from that moment I
Loved thee and thy sad cry.

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1829

THE LILY OF LORN

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LABOURS OF
IDLENESS"

THERE was a large assembly at Dinringan Hall. In that thinly-peopled country, where the gentry have so few opportunities of meeting, a party is sure to be well attended. Several persons had come many miles: there was a good deal of beauty, sufficient elegance, and no lack of conversation. On our way hither, I had been tormented more than enough about what I was to see that evening; but when we entered the room, my young friends were too much occupied with the attentions they received or expected, to continue the jest. I, however, had not forgotten it. I do not know why, but I felt that the seeds of my sweet or bitter fortune were to be sown that night. It was evident to me now what was meant by the "Lily of Lorn," and I continued silently observing every announcement. At one time there was a great noise and rustle on the staircase: my heart beat audibly, and I fixed my eyes on the door. A tall, fashionable girl entered: she was dressed in great splendour, and wore a bonnet of graceful plumes: her features were decidedly

handsome. Can this be the Lily of Lorn? It may be so; but for me, she has too much the air of a professed *belle*—a lady to be *toasted* at men-parties, and praised with their dogs and their horses. Ay, it must be so! She was indeed manifestly the victim of her own vanity—the spoilt child of admiration. A great number of young men instantly surrounded her as she made her appearance; and that part of the room which she chose for her place of state and display, was immediately consecrated to vanity and flattery, folly and confusion. All was laughter, compliment, and noise. The centre of attraction appeared to be in high spirits at the court that was paid her: she rallied one, coquetted with another, pouted at a third, and prattled with all. Again I asked myself—And is this the Lily the “pride o’ the land!” the boasted Lily, the beautiful, the “queen” Lily! the “luve o’ them a’!”—Tasteless or ignorant people!

Whilst the noise continued, or rather increased, and all attention was employed upon Miss Randolph (for that I heard was the beauty’s name), I sat discontentedly behind backs, where the room was almost deserted. I was quite indisposed to join in the senseless merriment that was going forward: my thoughts

began to revert to the matters of business which I had imprudently postponed, and I was inwardly meditating how I should with a good grace clude my promise to the Maclachlan family. The servant announced Mrs. and Miss Leslie; but he was not heard by the company, now completely engaged; so the party newly arrived walked into the room silently and unobserved. The genteel, rather wasted form of a lady, whose years might be about thirty-six, leaned upon the arm of a girl apparently half that age, who seemed to love this office of support partly because it enabled her to remain out of view. They advanced near to the crowd, into which the lady peeped with a smile of inquiry, while her daughter stood rather behind her, smiling too, but as if it was only because her mother did so. She looked like a young violet, in the shade of its parent flower. As the idea crossed my mind, one of the outer circle happening to turn round, exclaimed, "Ah! here is the Lily!" The words caught like wildfire; every other sound was mute; every eye was directed to where she stood. A murmur of inexpressible joy ran through the room: nothing was to be heard but—"The Lily!"—"The Lily of Lorn!"—"She is come!"—"She is here!"—"Where?

where?"—"There she is!"—"The dear Lily!"—"The pride o' our hearts!"—"Blessing o' Heaven on her beauty!" All the young men seemed to congratulate each other, while, with the utmost anxiety, they endeavoured to see her: those who were nearest looked expectantly but respectfully at her, each waiting until it was his turn to receive her smile, and then retiring with a sigh of content, as he gave place to another. Still more strange, the girls (many of them very beautiful) crowded fondly around her; some of them kissed her, some called her by the endearing title above-mentioned, others greeted her with the most affectionate recognitions—all unreservedly praised her. Even the old people blessed her from the distance, bestowing upon her a thousand amiable superlatives, and recounting her well-known perfections one to the other.

I could not but remark the difference between this reception and that of Miss Randolph. The other was loud, forward, theatrical; this was subdued, devoted, respectful: it passed almost in silence. From the noisiest merriment before the Lily was recognized, the general voice of the company sank into low murmurs of delight and repressed enthusiasm, as if it feared to offend, even by applause. *That* reception

might have been the effect of admiration; but *this* was the result of pure affection. The attention paid in the one case was homage—in the other, voluntary love.

To account at once for this marked difference required no great stretch of philosophy. The qualities which engage an interest so deep, and yet so refined, must themselves lie as deep as the heart! Were this girl merely beautiful, thought I, she would only be admired like Miss Randolph; and however she might exceed that lady in personal charms, the admiration paid her would still be of the same kind. But enthusiasm so pure and so profound, bespeaks in the object of it something of a far, far superior nature to any perfection with which the outward form can be endued. It is not the shrine itself, however beautiful, that excites our veneration, but the spirit within. Nevertheless, that beauty had its share in this matter, was beyond disputation. Mary Leslie was between seventeen and eighteen; her form almost too slight to print the earth, but graceful as it was ethereal. While she stood drooping beside her mother, whose arm was still locked in hers, she put me in mind of a tendril silently winding up its maternal stem, and hanging its sweet head

beneath her shelter. The colour of her hair was raven-dark, finely contrasting with the pure and alabaster paleness of her complexion, unstained even by a single tinge of natural rouge to render less applicable her beautiful surname. It was from this resemblance between the human being and the flower, that she was called the Lily of Lorn. Minuter description of her appearance is needless; although, even at this distance of time, I could give it, if required, from the indelible picture in my heart. I will only add, that upon her lip she had a faint but settled smile, which it was impossible to characterize as either gay or melancholy: it seemed at once to declare the sweetness of her mind that would be pleased with all around it, and the seriousness of her thoughts which taught her to look upon all earthly enjoyments as transitory and insecure. This expression generally accorded with that of her sweet, deep-blue eyes: in the variety and glare of passing objects, they still seemed to look beyond this world and above it, as if inwardly contemplating her final resting-place amid kindred spirits; while in the benignity of her nature, during her confinement to earth, she suffered earth's creatures to approach her.

It may have been some involuntary, perhaps instinctive presentiment of her unworldly destination, which taught her a behaviour calculated to ensure at once the highest degree of respect and devoted attachment from both sexes. A kindred impression, probably as unconscious, seemed to reign throughout the society in which she casually mingled, subduing the ardour of human love into something like the lowliness of adoration. Indeed, the persons who composed this society were manifestly below her even in earthly qualities; they were, for the most part, a homely, plain sort of people, who had no pretensions to any thing much above mediocrity. It was no wonder, therefore, that they exalted this girl into a kind of petty divinity, and considered her as a being of too superior an order for them to insult with a proffer of aught but the most humble and distant affection. Although amongst them, she seemed not to be of them. With all her worshippers, she had not one lover: the feeling with which they regarded her was of quite a different nature from what they indulged towards frail and imperfect creatures like themselves. They would not dare to approach her with so earthly a passion. Their attachment to her was a ming-

led feeling—something between that which we owe to a saint and that which we have towards a sister. With so much beauty and so much purity, it was at least to be expected that she would become a general favourite, and obtain within this primitive district (for I do not know that it spread any farther) one of those affectionate surnames which the Scottish people are so fond of bestowing.

Ere I had long continued to speak with her, the secret charm which had produced such wondrous effects upon all who lived within the sphere of its influence, began to unfold itself. Yet it is hard to describe in what it consisted, or how it gradually and unperceivedly stole over the willing senses. It was chiefly due, perhaps, to an inborn sweetness of demeanour, a natural beauty of manner, accompanied with such an exquisite purity of thought and language, as indicated a mind not only perfectly unsullied by a single taint of earth, but, as it were, incapable of being sullied from its hallowed simplicity. Her sentiments were the untaught emanations of an innocent heart; her mode of expressing them, brief and artless. But the grace with which she smiled away her words, the pure, bird-like melody of her voice, and the

ineffable benignity which shone like a glory on her brow, bound up the spirits of those who listened and looked, till they thought some vision of a brighter world had descended before them. After all, *goodness*, native, unassuming goodness of disposition, was the source from whence most of these qualities were derived: and as goodness itself is derived from heaven, it infused a spirit of angelicism into all her looks and thoughts and words and actions. This it was which, in spite of the envy of her own sex, and the earthliness of the other, sanctified her, as it were, from the effects of both, and consecrated her amongst her fellow-mortals.

I was soon like the others. At first, her outward qualities had struck me with admiration; but I now scarcely acknowledged, or at least recollected them: the lustre of her mind threw a halo round her person, and dimmed what it glorified. She stood, as it were, in the sphere of her own brightness, the effulgence of her own spirit; through which the outward form was scarcely discernible, so great was the surrounding splendour. In this way, her personal beauty seemed only to attract observation to her moral loveliness, and then retire behind it. The longer I looked upon her, the less capable I was of see-

ing her outward form: it faded in the spiritual brilliancy that enshrouded it. I found myself gradually imbibing a purer and less earthly sentiment towards her than personal admiration. As I became more intimate, I felt myself growing more distant; and from wishing to touch that fine and delicate hand, I now almost thought my touch would profane it. The rest of the night passed over in tranquil, but inexpressible joy.

To the letter I had written acquainting my father with my proposed stay in the Highlands, he replied, that the business I spoke of being postponed for some time, I might therefore employ the interval as I liked. Need I say, how I employed it? I felt that I was a better, a happier man, in the presence of Miss Leslie, and there I continually found myself. Wherever she was, she made a kind of sanctity about her, and whilst within that sphere, it was impossible to indulge a thought, a desire, but what was pure and holy. All the tempestuous emotions of the soul were laid at rest by her majestic serenity; the heart put off all its unworthy affections, as if endeavouring to conform itself to an example so bright, and to render its worship more acceptable.

In the deep bosom of a mountain glen, about three miles from Fairlie-house, the Leslies resided. They were not originally inhabitants of Lorn; but after the death of Colonel Leslie, his widow and daughter had retired to this sequestered spot, whether by choice or necessity was unknown and uninquired. Such angelic beauty as the Lily's suddenly descending amongst these wild scenes, inclined the peasantry to think it had "drapt frae heaven:" the beneficence with which they found it accompanied, seemed to confirm the belief. Often, whilst I wandered towards the sanctuary of this secluded excellence, I was an involuntary witness of the estimation in which she was held, and how she deserved it. As her light, aerial form glided through the woody precincts of her own domain, or appeared for a moment amid the rocks and foliage of the glen, the peasant would lean upon his spade, and, in the untaught eloquence of nature, pour forth the rapturous effusions of his heart on her goodness and beauty. As she passed the cottage-door, the gude wife would stop her wheel, and utter a benediction upon her head, that could not but be heard where such prayers are directed. I have often seen her, like the Angel of Hope,

standing at the sick bed-side, while she breathed consolation and fortitude into the soul bowed down by calamity: I have often seen her, like the Angel of Charity, enter a forlorn hovel, where she administered comfort to misery, and raised poverty from despair: I have often, often seen her, like the Angel of Pity, weep at the afflictions she could not relieve, and with the balm of her heavenly tears mitigate the pain of those deep heart-wounds which it was not permitted her to cure. O! could I then wonder at the love, almost superstitious, with which she was beheld by these people?

I remember upon one occasion, talking with an old man, who had been "out in '15," when in the midst of an account he was giving me of the battle of Dumblaine, he broke off with a sudden exclamation—"Ah! there she gaes! The bonnie Lily! May the blight never fa' on her bosom!" "Ay," said his wife, "here she comes as lecht as the mist, wi' her white wimple o'er her snawy cheek! She's gaun to awld Dame Spintrie's, I warrant her, wi' a bit siller, or some'it to comfort the puir body!" "I'd rather hae her blessing than anither's bountie," rejoined Duncan; "E'en the very gowan she smiles at, springs the sweetest!" Such were the feelings

which she inspired. Beauty might have made her the idol of the drawing-room; but it was only benevolence that could render her the favourite of the people.

An unmerited prepossession of Mrs. Leslie's in my favour, together with my own inclinations, had almost rendered the chateau in the glen another home to me. One evening I ventured a late and unceremonious visit. The dews fell sweetly through the yellow beams of the descending sun, upon the green turf. It was a peaceful, a hallowed—I had nearly said, a religious evening; for the heart felt prone, in the solemn beauty of the hour, to acknowledge its satisfaction by thanksgiving and praise. I walked through the ancient hall of the chateau, which being lighted from the top, was now involved in a sombre gloom. The servant informed me that his mistress had not been very well that morning, but that he would acquaint "Miss Lily" with my presence. I could not forbear smiling, even in my present mood, at this surname, which I found had insinuated itself amongst the lower orders, and was uttered with as little consciousness of its being a fictitious, as if it were a real appellation. This was a plain demonstration, however, that it was founded in

truth; it never would else have been naturalized so completely. Soon after, I heard her own sweet voice on the stairs, requesting me to walk up. She said that her mother had been ill, but that if I had no objection to see an invalid, they would both feel much pleasure in my company.

I found Mrs. Leslie, who looked very pale and declining, seated on a sick couch at a large oriel window, which shed a dim splendour over the antique room. Upon a desk covered with rich crimson velvet, and supported by a slight tripod-frame, lay the sacred volume, before her daughter's chair, at the opposite side of the window. The Lily had been engaged in the tenderest of all duties—that of alleviating, by the sweet lessons of comfort and hope, the sufferings of an afflicted parent. It was for such an office that her sainted nature best fitted her: she was destined to be a ministering angel upon earth, and to find her employed in such a function was no more than I expected. In a few words I regretted having disturbed so holy an occupation; and said, that if I had thought my presence would have obliged it to be discontinued, that I should not thus have forced myself upon them. Mrs. Leslie, with a smile, assured me they had already finished their devotions, and that

no false ceremony should have persuaded her to omit or curtail them. "But, to show Mr. Worthington," continued she to her daughter, "that his presence would have no such effect as he fears, open the volume, my love, and read another chapter." Without a word, without a shadow of real or affected hesitation in reading before a stranger, Mary Leslie drew the book nearer to her, opened it, and began. The chapter she casually selected was one of those beautiful and impassioned hymns which the inspired lyrist composed to declare the glory of his Maker and his own humility. Her voice, angelically sweet and clear, rose freely as she proceeded, until every tone, as if it came from a golden string, rung deeply in the heart. With one hand upon the sacred page, but her countenance turned towards the throne of mercy, she spoke as from her own breast the sublime poetry, while her uplifted eyes seemed to follow every verse into heaven. At times, I thought she appeared rising from the earth, and that her words were uttered far above me. She ceased, and the seraph became mortal again. I could not help sighing to myself—"No! it is too much! You cannot, should not be left long among us! The beings of a higher sphere will

shortly claim their sister, and we must resign you!"

Does not the reader hope for such a conclusion to this story? Would he not deeply lament, if, in relating it, I were obliged to inform him that so pure a being was condemned to mingle in the low concerns of mortality—to ally its spotlessness with the stained and sullied creatures of earth—to suffer the commonplace accidents of human life? What feeling, but that of regret, would possess his bosom, if I were compelled by truth to declare, that the Lily of Lorn had continued to inhabit this world, until all its sweetness had vanished, and all its beauty had gone? For myself, even while I wept unmanly tears at her death, I rejoiced that Heaven had decreed it. Earth was not her place, and she could not be happy upon it.

I had often observed, that, amidst the deepest resignation to her lot, she still pined for the natural home of her spirit. As she beheld her parent waning out of existence, a sigh often escaped her, that she should be left alone in the world. But it was better ordained. Upon my return from England (where I had been obliged to go, and remain for almost a year, about the matters I spoke of), I was informed by my

friends at Fairlie, that the amiable Mrs. Leslie was fast departing from earth. I went to the chateau, and was admitted to her couch, where she lay in silent expectation of the destined hour. The Lily was sitting beside her. I looked at her cheek: "Ah!" thought I, "the sweetest flower is soonest faded! The bud will die with the parent-blossom!" I was assured of this from the calm joy that sat in her eye, and the brighter smile of her lip: "Yes!" it seemed to say—"Yes, we shall die together!"—and it was so! As the stem withered, the branch declined. As the deathlike paleness of the matron's brow increased, it was sympathetically reflected in that of the girl. When the one had sunk on the pillow of eternal rest, the other had closed her eyes for ever. They waned as it were by consent; and, like stars which are linked by some mysterious bond together, vanished into the skies at the same moment!

From THE AMULET, 1827

THE GERMAN LOVERS

BY LORD NEWARK

Albert. Bertha, what think'st thou—is yon
star a world?

Bertha. A world, my Albert!—Such a world
as ours?

Oh! no—it hath too meek a radiance
To be another scene of man's undoing—
Another Eden at its birth, until
Marr'd by another Eve! Oh! no, it hath
Too pure a flood of chasten'd, heavenly light,
Now, as at twilight's close I gaze on it,
Too pure to be reflected from a world!
Mysteriously intense, yet mildly bright;
Dimm'd, yet far-shining, through the mists of
eve!

Oh, rather 'tis some pitying angel's eye
Turn'd hitherward from heaven, as if in love,—
And sometimes weeping for us, in the dews
That fall unseen at even-tide.—My Albert,
Thy sages err, that scan the firmament,
If they have deem'd yon beacon-light a world!
They have not look'd on it, as I have done,
Piercing the clouds that ride the nightly winds,
And beaming calmly bright above their strife!

Nor when the nightly winds are sleeping,
watch'd it,

Throned in its deep and measureless abyss,
A beacon where earth ends and heaven begins,
To guide the wandering spirit, as it oft,
In maiden doubts and fears, hath guided mine!—
They would prescribe thee laws, thou lamp of
life,

Lit by the Almighty's hand, who bade thee
shine,

Spark of the fire that burns before his throne!
And they would span thine orb, and, mocking
thee,

Prate of thy coming and thy going, till
They meted out to thee thy flood of rays,
And bade thee minister to God by rule!—
Look, Albert, it hath sunk behind the cloud!
The moon hath risen!—I see upon her face
Dim forms and shadowy outlines, as of seas,
Mountain, and plain, and valley—can it be?
Is she, too, earthly, like the star I love?

Albert. Bertha, the hand that made the
firmament

Hath linked the universe in one bright chain,
And made each earth a star, each star a world!
Nay, marvel not; yon shining beacon there
Hath beings of its own, to whom this earth





Appeareth but as one of many stars!
 And they, perchance, at dawn or shadowy eve,
 As we on their abode, do gaze on ours;
 And, melting into twilight as they see
 The far horizon, ask what star is that,
 And wonder whether it hath hearts that beat
 Within its distant orb—or souls that love!—

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From THE KEEPSAKE, 1835

THE THIEF DISCOVERED

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DANIEL O'ROURKE'

I.

IN her rich bower sits Almaviva's bride,
 With her gay suivante, and her pretty page;
 She, in the bloom of youth and beauty's pride,
 He, a fair blossom of that happy age
 When boyish thoughts and feelings laid aside,
 Youth hastens gaily into life's third stage:
 The maid—as maids will be—was smart and
 pert,
 A town-bred damsel—an outrageous flirt!

II.

And of this page, the lady and the maid
Were fond;—but perdie reader think no
wrong,
If any scandal of that dame were said,
'Twas uttered by a false and lying tongue;
Harsh must that censor be who should upbraid
Kindness bestowed on one so fair and young;
And Cherubino—such the name he bore,
Had seen his sixteenth summer, and no more.

III.

But wherefore rests he thus on bended knee?
Why that averted look of shame or fear?
Why in that eye so brilliant do we see,
But ill-suppressed, the almost falling tear?
Why are those locks, half woman's though they
be,
Surrounded by a female's modest gear?
Why is that ribbon in the maiden's hand?
The tale is short—then list, and understand.

IV.

The page was slender—slender for a boy,—
With limbs well moulded, but as woman's
weak,
He had small care or sorrow to destroy
The rose-like bloom upon his dimpling cheek;

No beard did yet the razor's edge employ,
And all his actions were so mild, so meek,
That 'tis no wonder if from bower to hall,
He was the happy favourite of all.

v.

One eve Susanna—such the Countess' name—
Was in that humour when all frolics please:
The cooling zephyr through the casement came,
Loaded with perfume from the orange trees;
The gushing fountain sparkled like a stream
Of molten silver,—and the gentle breeze
Bore on its wings melodious sounds afar—
The merry music of her gay guitar.

vi.

And in this frolic mood disposed for jest,
They sent for Cherubino—"Pretty Cher,"
Him thus the laughter-loving maid addressed,
"The Countess sends for you this evening, Sir,
That you in my apparel may be dressed;
Nay, nay, be quiet, Cherry—do not stir—
Your mistress wants to see how such a pearl
Of youth will look when dizen'd like a girl.

vii.

"Here, don this cap, and o'er thy form so slight
Throw this rich mantling cloak of crimson
hue."—

Loud at her jest laughed out Joanna bright,
And at that jest the Countess tittered too:
The page appeared not in such merry plight—
The joke from him no sound of laughter
drew;—
Why did he tremble? Why aloud declare
The lady's fancy was not fit nor fair?

VIII.

Vain his protest—it was the lady's will;
And what the ladies will, is surely done;
Poor is our might when, or for good or ill,
The ladies wish an object to be won;
And Cherubino made resistance, till
His pleas and all his arguments were gone;
And soon her nimble hand the cap of lace
Had knotted underneath his girlish face.

IX.

So far, so well—but then came struggling hard,
And his loose vest he grasped with tightening
hand;—
What does he strive with so much care to guard,
As she clasps round his neck the mantle's
band?
Bootless thy efforts, luckless youth, to ward
From her keen glance the secret she had
scanned;

And pale as ashes Cherubino grew,
When a gay ribbon from his breast she drew.

X.

And there it is—ah, hapless boy!—there,
There is the ribbon that you sily stole;
Thy look,—that pledge—suffices to declare
The inmost workings of thy gentle soul;
The peerless beauty of thy mistress fair
Had given thee feelings passing thy control.
Joanna laughed, the Countess kindly smiled;
But neither blamed the dear, the virtuous child!

XI.

Ye who would wish at farther length to know
The tale, of which this portion I repeat—
Behold the lovely Countess, and bestow
A smile upon her page so young—so sweet!—
Ye who this pleasure seek must straightway go
And hear fair Paton—or dear Stephens
meet;—
But should your fancy lead you not that way,
You'll find the whole in witty Beaumarchais.

From THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, 1828

THE BOUDOIR

"Where all, save the spirit of MAN, is divine!"

LORD BYRON.

"MAMMA!" exclaimed the little Lady Laura Llangollin one morning, to the beautiful Countess of Chepstow, "what is a boudoir?"

"This room, my love," replied her mother, "in which we are now sitting, is a boudoir."

"Yes, mamma, I know that; but *why* is it a boudoir? what is the meaning of the word? I asked my governess the other morning to tell me; and she said, it is something you will perhaps know more about, Lady Laura, when you are older; at present, you are too young to enter into a definition of difficulties."

"And a very sensible answer it was, my love."

"Only that I don't think she knew much about it herself, mamma; for she appeared confused, I thought, when I asked her, and hesitated in giving me an answer; and she had quite a colour in her cheek when she spoke; and you know she is in general very pale."

"And did she say any thing more, Laura?"

"She merely added, 'You had better not;' and then she paused, and said it was time to take a few turns in the square; and so we went out to walk. But, mamma, will you tell me

what a boudoir means, or shall I ask papa when he comes home?"

"No, my dear, you had better not ask your papa about it; perhaps he may be tired, and he hates being troubled with trifles of that sort. A boudoir means a room fitted up with much taste, and still more tact, appropriated exclusively to the lady of the house for the performance of her own little peculiar privileges. Something like your papa's *own* room, you know, below, where he is left to himself to look after his *own* affairs, answer letters, grant leases, discharge tenants, get by heart his next parliamentary attempt, or receive any friend he may wish to see in private."

"Does papa often come up here?"

"As often as he feels inclined," replied the countess.

"The other day, mamma, as I was going to the schoolroom, I met papa on the stairs, and he said, 'Where is your mamma, Laura?' and I told him you were here, and he asked if any one was with you."

"And what did you say, my love?"

"'Only Sir Charles Pembroke, papa,' I replied."

"And did your papa make any answer?"

"He merely repeated the words, '*Only* Sir Charles Pembroke is there!' and there was a sort of smile I thought on his countenance as he turned and went down stairs again."

"I do wish your papa would not be so very inquisitive, nor ask silly questions about what cannot possibly concern him. People (especially men) should never be curious, Laura; mind that."

"Mamma, shall I be an Exclusive when I grow up?" continued her little ladyship, taking up a volume with that title.

"I don't know, my love; that must depend in a great measure on how you conduct yourself *in society*."

"What does an Exclusive mean, mamma?"

"A being different from the generality of the world."

"But in what respect different?"

"In the *tout ensemble* of life, my love."

"Should you like me to be an Exclusive?"

"I am not sure that I should altogether."

"But why, mamma?—You are one yourself, are you not?"

"I suppose I am, Laura; but then, you know, I should hope you would be much wiser than I am."

"Does the being an Exclusive depend on being wise?"

"No, not exactly," replied the countess: "not invariably."

"On what does it depend then, mamma?"

"Sometimes on being the contrary, I fear, Laura," said her mother, smiling.

"Who first established Exclusive society?"

"You had better ask your papa that question, my love."

"People seem to make a great fuss, mamma, about Exclusives; it is a word every body makes use of now. The other evening, I heard Lady Malvern ask Sir Charles Pembroke what sort of a person he should like his wife to be, and he replied, 'I should *rather* prefer an Exclusive:' and some nights ago, as I was going up to my room, I heard Tabinette asking Powderpuff, over the banisters of the back stairs, 'What kind of man is he?' 'Oh, quite an *Hexclusive!*' he replied."

"Yes, my love, it is a term just at present in general repute. But now go to the schoolroom, and tell Mademoiselle La Flinte you may have a holyday, and then put on your things to accompany me to Howell and James, where I have some *exclusive* commissions to transact."

"Will papa go with us, mamma?"

"No, my love; how can you talk such non-

sense? Papas have no business there, but *once* in three years, and not then, if they are only *liberal* in other matters. But the carriage is announced, so go and get ready;"—and the little Lady Laura tripped, *à la* Brocard, out of "THE BOUDOIR."

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1831

SONNET

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE

LONG time a child, and still a child, when years
Had painted manhood on my cheek, was I;
For yet I lived like one not born to die;
A thriftless prodigal of smiles and tears—
No hope I needed, and I knew no fears.
But sleep, though sweet, is only sleep—and
waking,
I waked to sleep no more, at once o'ertaking
The vanguard of my age, with all arrears
Of duty on my back. Nor child, nor man,
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is gray,
For I have lost the race I never ran.
A rathe December blights my lagging May:
And still I am a child, though I be old
Time is my debtor for my days untold.

From THE WINTER'S WREATH, 1831

MY FATHER'S GRAVE IS HERE

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES

"MY FATHER'S GRAVE," I heard her say,

And marked a stealing tear,—

"Oh, no! I would not go away—

MY FATHER'S GRAVE is here!

"A thousand thronging sympathies,

The lonely spot endear,

And every eve remembrance sighs,

MY FATHER'S GRAVE is here!

"Some human tears unbidden start,

As spring's gay birds I hear,

For all things whisper to my heart,

MY FATHER'S GRAVE is here!

"Young hope may blend each colour gay,

And fairer views appear;

But no! I would not go away—

MY FATHER'S GRAVE is here!"

From THE PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP, 1828

[It will be remembered that S. T. Coleridge declared that the 'general style' of Mr. Bowles possessed the same excellence as that of Mr. Wordsworth.—ED.]

TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE

BY LORD BYRON

The lines addressed "To my dear Mary Anne" were written about a year or less before my marriage, and when Lord Byron left Annesley.—MARY ANNE MUSTERS.

[The following schoolboy rhymes are not inserted as an example for youthful imitation, but as a literary curiosity. Innumerable specimens of Byron's transcendent and original powers are already before the public; but the dawning impulses of superior minds have been rarely disclosed: consequently they possess a novel interest, as well as afford a clue to the dominant feelings which have ruled their destinies. To the philosophic eye, that deficiency of mere poetic interest, which might disgrace an inferior writer, invests the timid steps of the uncultivated muse with a peculiar charm, as it proves, in a striking degree, the ultimate triumph of perseverance and the omnipotent force of *genius*. To those who construe the fitful and wayward flights of an untamed imagination into a settled and desperate malignity of temper, it may be useful to submit a document which bears the genuine impress of generous feeling and simple piety. Minds of a more tender and enthusiastic temperament will learn to pardon the insensibility of Lord Byron's favourite "Mary," when they learn that every crevice of her youthful heart was preoccupied, and that her warmest affections centred upon the man of her choice.]

ADIEU to sweet Mary for ever!

From her I must quickly depart.

Though the fates us from each other sever,

Still her image will dwell in my heart.

The flame that within my breast burns
Is unlike what in lovers' hearts glows;
The love which for Mary I feel
Is far purer than Cupid bestows.

I wish not your peace to disturb,
I wish not your joys to molest;
Mistake not my passion for love,
'Tis your friendship alone I request.

Not ten thousand lovers could feel
The friendship my bosom contains;
It will ever within my heart dwell,
While the warm blood flows through my
veins.

May the Ruler of Heaven look down,
And my Mary from evil defend!
May she ne'er know adversity's frown,
May her happiness ne'er have an end!

Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu!
Farewell! I with anguish repeat—
For ever I'll think upon you,
While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1830

THE BRIDAL MORNING

BY HANNAH MARY JONES

Poor, bankrupt heart! When 't had not wherewithal
To pay to sad disaster all that was
Its due, it broke.—Would mine would do so too.

SUCKLING.

ONE of the proudest hearts that ever beat in a woman's bosom was swelling beneath the bridal robes in which Laura Delancey had just attired herself, yet she rejected with scorn and impatience the tribute of admiration which her humble attendants were anxious to offer. There was but one by whom she wished her charms to be appreciated; one only whose homage she thought worthy of her, and he was absent. Yes, mortifying as it was to acknowledge it, Cecil Faulkner, the man to whom she had conceded that honour so eagerly sought, and so earnestly contested, the honour and happiness of being her partner for life, had already exceeded by nearly half an hour the appointed time.

The bride's-maids exchanged glances as Laura's cheek grew paler and paler; and Lady Delancey, as she stood at the window which commanded a full view of the square, muttered several expressions of anger and impatience.

"My dear mother, do not concern yourself," observed Laura, with a laugh which betrayed what it was intended to conceal; "Mr. Faulkner will, I dare say, be here in time; and if he is not, I shall not be the first whom he has left to wear the willow, though you may be assured I shall not break *my* heart for his inconstancy." "He would not—surely he dare not thus trifle with my daughter;" ejaculated her Ladyship, still keeping her eye on the square, and seeming totally inattentive to all that passed within. "His desertion of Helen Clare was justifiable, though he certainly went too far; but now——" "I beg, Madam, that no comparisons may be drawn," interrupted Laura, haughtily. "The presumption and art of the girl you mention deserved the mortification met with." "Helen Clare died last night," said a gentleman who had entered unperceived while she was speaking. Laura started; and her mother, turning quickly round, discovered a countenance which, in spite of the rouge that covered her cheeks, was deathly pale. "Your appearance, Mr. Stafford, is unlooked for: how am I to interpret it?" she demanded, making an effort to speak calmly. "I come from Mr. Faulkner, Madam," returned Stafford; "a violent, but I trust tran-

sient indisposition, has prevented his keeping his appointment here this morning; but I am commissioned, if Miss Delancey will honour me so far, to attend her to church, where he is by this time awaiting her arrival." "This is strange! very strange!" exclaimed Laura. Lady Delancey interfered, "There is no time to discuss the subject now, Laura, Mr. Faulkner will undoubtedly explain." She rang violently for the carriages; and in another minute the bride and her fair attendants were seated in one, while Mr. Stafford, with the lady-mother, followed in another. The bridegroom was sitting in a chair in the vestry-room when the bridal train entered: his face was resting on his hand, and one of the persons who stood near him twice announced that the ladies were come before he looked up; and then what a picture of woe, of horror, and remorse, did that face present! "So soon," he observed, starting as if just awakened from some horrible dream. "Well, what am I to do—what do they expect of me?" Mr. Stafford advanced to him. "Cecil, recollect yourself: add not to the remorse you already feel by destroying the peace, and wounding the reputation of——" "Well, well! I know all; I am willing to do all that they require;"

and he advanced towards the ladies who were coming up the aisle. His eye rested not an instant on the bride, whose fine features were flushed with a thousand contending passions, and whose piercing dark eyes seemed to flash fire. It was the crafty designing mother, whom his anxious gaze sought, and whom he hastily approached. "You have triumphed!" he began; but Mr. Stafford interposed, and Cecil, with a wild and distracted look, placed himself by the side of Laura.

The clergyman commenced reading the sacred ritual, and proceeded without interruption until Laura was called on to reply to the interrogation—"Wilt thou take this man for thy wedded husband?" "No!" she responded, in a firm and audible tone. Cecil fixed on her a look of mingled surprize and exultation, while her mother violently seizing her arm, exclaimed, "Mad, rash fool! what are you doing?" "I am not mad now, Madam," she replied, with calmness. "It is since I have entered this place that I have recovered my senses." "You are an angel," exclaimed Cecil, sinking on one knee, and attempting to take her hand, which, however, she withheld. "No, Sir, I disclaim all right to your adoration!" she replied. "It is for

my own sake, not yours, that I reject the honour of your alliance; I can never consent to accept a hand without a heart. Yours is——” “Buried in the grave of Helen Clare,” he wildly interrupted her, “and for this—for this she was murdered. Yes, murdered: your arts and my credulity,” he continued, fixing his fierce and swollen eyes on Lady Delancey, “have murdered her!” “This is too much,” her Ladyship exclaimed, every feature being distorted with passion. “Laura, I insist on your instantly leaving this place, unless you take pleasure in seeing me insulted.”

The clergyman had closed his book; and advancing to Laura, in whose cheek the crimson hue of anger and resentment had now faded into ashy paleness, he entreated her to let him conduct her from a scene, which to prolong would only be to increase the pain felt by all parties. “I feel it necessary to apologise to you, Sir, for apparent disrespect,” observed Laura, “but I assure you it was not premeditated; I meant, even when I approached the altar, to have fulfilled the purpose for which I came hither. Pardon me, I see you about to remonstrate, but my resolution is the result of conviction, not of rash impulse.” The clergyman

bowed. He saw, indeed, it was vain to remonstrate with one so decided and self-willed; and she re-entered her carriage with that firmness and self-possession which, during this trying scene, never for a moment deserted her.

Not so Cecil Faulkner. Until the moment that the folding doors shut Laura from his view, he seemed unconscious of what was passing; but when recollection returned, shame and regret for the past, with the anticipation of a wearisome blank for the rest of his existence, operated together with the severe bodily indisposition which the events of a few preceding hours had produced, to render him almost unequal to the task of walking to his carriage.

It was not for some time after this that I learnt all the circumstances connected with this extraordinary scene: they were extremely simple; but the youth, the beauty, the talents, and I may say the rank of some of the parties, made them interesting to many beside myself, who to all these motives, added that of personal friendship for more than one of the individuals concerned.

Helen Clare was the daughter of an artist, who having the honour of a distant relationship to Lady Delancey, had been indebted to

her patronage for the fame and emoluments which his talents, eminent as they really were, would probably not otherwise have procured him. He died young, having first followed to the grave a beloved wife, and leaving to inherit his name and his talents an only daughter. Helen was three years younger than Laura Delancey; and the latter, naturally benevolent and kind-hearted, though as petulant, froward, and self-willed as a spoiled child of fortune could be, pleaded the cause of the beautiful orphan so effectually, that Helen was taken into her Ladyship's house. Too proud and too vain to have the slightest idea that Helen could enter into any competition with her, Laura Delancey treated her with kindness until the arrival of Cecil Faulkner from the continent opened her eyes to the mortifying conviction that the humble Helen was preferred to her.

The immense fortune of which Faulkner was possessed rendered it important to Lady Delancey to secure him for her daughter. She therefore contrived to insinuate suspicions into Faulkner's mind, which effectually destroyed his respect for Helen, and changed his intentions towards her; and under this delusion he dared to make proposals which completely dis-

sipated the hopes and expectations of the beautiful orphan. Too indignant to reply to him, she hastened to communicate to Lady Delancey the insult she had received, and was persuaded by her to retire for a short time into the country, to the house of a friend of her Ladyship, observing, that in all probability her absence would bring Mr. Faulkner to his proper senses. In an evil hour, Helen left London under the protection of Lady Delancey's ready friend, Mr. Maudsley, and her Ladyship took care that Faulkner should see her depart with the man, whom he had been led to believe was her lover.

It would be tedious to relate the arts by which he was induced to offer his hand to Laura; but the result has been stated. The mark of respect which Maudsley wore towards Helen was thrown aside, when she repulsed his addresses. He hesitated not to tell her that her reputation was sacrificed by her accepting his protection. She wrote to Lady Delancey, but her letters were returned unanswered. Terrified and harassed on every side, and without a single friend to whom she could look for counsel or assistance, the unfortunate Helen became at last what her worst enemies hoped to make her: but her's was not a heart to exist under a

sense of guilt and shame, and in a few months she was in the last stage of a decline. It was then that Maudsley felt the iniquity of his conduct; and in a moment of contrition he acknowledged to the dying girl the long train of arts and deceptions which had been concerted between him and Lady Delancey. Helen had but one wish in the world: it was a weakness, she confessed, but she should die in peace, she said, could she once more see Cecil Faulkner, and convince him that she had not deserved his conduct. She was conveyed by easy stages to London, and the very night preceding the day appointed for his nuptials, her former lover was conducted to the side of her death-bed. Love and truth lent irresistible eloquence to all Helen uttered; Faulkner was agonized by her narrative; and when he beheld her dying before him, he accused himself and Lady Delancey of having murdered her, and declared that no power on earth should compel him to unite himself to Laura.

It was not many months after this event that the public papers announced the marriage of Laura Delancey to a peer, whose age nearly trebled her own; and about the same time Cecil Faulkner, for the first time since the death of

Helen Clare, was enabled to mix in society. He had been brought to the verge of the grave by a fever, and a more lamentable change cannot be conceived than that which had taken place in the two persons who had so lately been the envy and admiration of all who knew them. For a short season Laura shone the brightest and gayest in the circle of fashion, but the eye of friendship could discover what the splendor of dress and the mysterious arts of the toilette, and the assumed vivacity of the sufferer, hid from the world, that she was fast fading from a scene which had become hateful to her. A nervous fever soon released her; and, by a striking coincidence, close by the splendid marble which perpetuates her name and high sounding titles, is placed the plain and simple tablet which records the fate of Helen Clare.

From THE BIJOU, 1829

A POET'S STUDY

BY BERNARD BARTON

OH! not in ceiled rooms of state,
Cumber'd with books the while,
Would I the Muse's influence wait,
Or there expect her smile.

A nook in some lone churchyard green,
Fann'd by the summer breeze—
The living and the dead between,
Would more my fancy please.

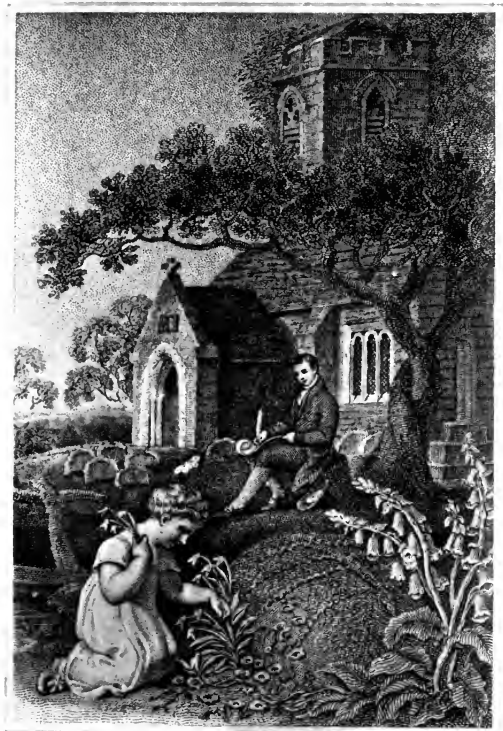
Nor unto Fancy's power alone
Should such a scene appeal;
Its sober and its chasten'd tone
My inmost heart would feel.

The moss'd trunk of a scathed tree
Should be my only seat;
And more than moral tomes to me
That relique should repeat.

There too, in living, leafy pride,
Another tree should grow,
Whose writhed branches far and wide
Their welcome shade should throw.

Those boughs, by whisp'ring breezes stirr'd,
My canopy should be;
And every gentle whisper heard
Should tell a tale to me.

A crystal brook should babble by,
And to its bord'ring flowers



Scenery, 1815

Ed. J. P. 1815

THE POET'S STUDY



Impart fresh loveliness of dye,
And yet more fragrant powers.

Behind me, half conceal'd from sight,
As shunning public view,
The ivied church-tow'r's humble height
Should greet Heaven's vaulted blue.

A few low grassy mounds should tell
Where slept the silent dead;
And there the modest heather-bell
Should bend its graceful head.

A guileless infant too should stray
Where those blue flowers might wave,
And cull, perchance, a posy gay
From off a parent's grave.

While o'er her head a butterfly,
That type, with beauty crown'd,
Of future immortality,
Should lightly flutter round.

My task is done:—who scorns my taste
May paint me, if he can,
A scene with gentler beauties grac'd
For poet or for man.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1824

MIMILI

BY H. CLAUREN

THE capital of the world, as the French term their noisy Paris, lay behind me. I had grown heartily tired of it. My soul longed for repose—nothing but repose. I was worn out with the fatigues of the glorious campaign. After passing a year amid the turmoil of a military life, I was in quest of a spot where I could enjoy rest—a peaceful, tranquil spot, where I could belong exclusively to myself. With this view I hastened by way of Fontainebleau and Dijon to Switzerland.

I shall reserve for another occasion an account of all that I saw on the road thither, and in the friendly Neufchatel, and beyond it on the right and on the left, and shall for the present confine myself to the Valley of Lauterbrunn.

Leaving my companion, who was not well, at Unterseen, I pursued my route on the day of our arrival there. My guide was a stout, active fellow. We ascended, with rapid step, along the bank of the foaming Lutschine, which winds between rocks of immense height, first to Matten, past the ruins of Unspunnen and Wilder-

swyl; then continuing our course along the impetuous torrent which ran on our left, whilst on the right we had almost perpendicular rocks, some bare, others covered with wood. The ravine gradually became darker and narrower, and the country assumed a wilder appearance. My guide walked on in silence; on coming to a mass of rock as large as a house he crossed himself. "What is the matter?" cried I, inquisitively, and beheld with surprise a stream of black water running past the block, over a stony bed, into the Lutschine.—"That, sir, is the *bad stone*, and this is the *bad stream*," answered my guide. "Here the Baron of Rothenflüh killed his brother for the sake of his property, and then fled, and wandered about without house or home, till he died miserably and left nobody behind him; so that his name became extinct with him for ever." I beheld in imagination the fratricide washing his brother's blood from his hands in the white foam of the rapid Lutschine, and then, smarting under the lash of conscience, hurrying away, and leaving his peace of mind for the rest of his life behind him in the awfully wild valley. I shuddered at the picture, and hastened from the murderous scene.

From Zweilutschinen a bold bridge conducts to the Iselten Alp. Here the Black Lutschine, from Grindelwald, and the White Lutschine, from Lauterbrunn, meet; and after uniting their streams pursue their headlong course to the Aar.

At certain points of this route the traveller is surprised by the most striking and magnificent views of the dazzling white summit of the Jungfrau to the south, and of the beautiful glacier of the Wetterhorn on the east.

Before I reached Lauterbrunn, I was met by a number of poor boys, who solicited charity in so persuasive a manner that it was impossible to refuse them. "I am a very poor boy," was the usual cry of these urchins, while extending their little hands; and as soon as they had received a trifle, they gratefully offered themselves for all sorts of services; but they particularly vied with each other in offers to show me the finest places in their valley.

In the French towns you are beset in every street by boys who importune strangers with offers to conduct them to the haunts of vice. Here the innocent children of the herdsmen were desirous to show me the magnificence of their peaceful valleys. Each of these boys had

his favourite place: one would have shown me this, another that; and had I accepted all their invitations, I should not have done with them at this day.

At Lauterbrunn I observed several clever carvers in wood, seated at the doors of their cottages, and making the neatest articles of maple, which are sold far and wide; particularly milk-bowls, milk-ladles, and butter-knives.

We pursued our way, and soon heard at a distance the roar of the Staubbach. This torrent falls eight hundred feet down a perpendicular precipice of the Pletschberg. The eye of the spectator may feast itself for hours together on the extraordinary accidents of this fall. Pouring over the ledge of the abrupt precipice, the water of the stream is broken in its descent into thousands of millions of particles resembling dust, or waves in the air like a light riband of silver, and reaches the bottom in the form of a gentle dew. At times it assumes the appearance of a curtain of gauze, nearly three hundred yards in length, hanging down from the top of the cliff. Such a magnificent work of nature no pen can adequately describe—no pencil represent. The waterworks of Versailles are a mere bauble to this cascade.

Opposite to the fall, at the extremity of a simple orchard, stands the parsonage. The pastor's wife, a blooming young woman, a native of Berne, came out with a chubby child in her arms; and after we had chatted some time, pressed me to walk in and partake of such cheer as the house afforded: but I was obliged to decline the courteous invitation, as I had still a great way to go.

A narrow footpath led us farther up the valley, on either side of which, as we advanced, the descending torrents formed waterfalls. My aim was to approach this evening so near to the Jungfrau as to obtain a good view of that majestic mountain. My guide promised, if I was a good climber, to take me to a herdsman's hut, from which I should have the best view of the Jungfrau in all the country round. We accordingly quitted the valley, and ascended a noble Alp. Here and there we met herdsmen with milk-vessels at their backs, going down to the lower grounds to milk their cows. We continued to ascend, but the labour was richly rewarded; for at every step the prospect became more extensive and more magnificent. At length we reached the hut. Its situation was so delightful, and the herdsman so kind and obliging, that I

immediately resolved to pass the night there, and to send back my guide to Unterseen; my host promising that his boy should accompany me next morning to Grindelwald.

The herdsman was poor, like all the rest of his class. He offered me clean hay for a bed and milk and cheese for supper. I thanked him, and hastened out of the hut, that I might not lose for a moment, while it was daylight, the exquisite enjoyment which Nature here presented. I sat down on the flowery turf, and revelled in the delightful contemplation of the wonderful works of the Almighty Hand.

The Jungfrau stood in all its magnificence before me. Beside and beyond it rose the Mittagshorn, the Tchingelhorn, the Ebenflue, and other gigantic mountains; but the Jungfrau towered high above all these colossal neighbours, and reared its silver head aloft into the azure firmament.

At the time when this globe yet floated in the midst of the great deep, these stupendous masses of granite probably peered in the form of small verdant islands above the surface of that immeasurable expanse. Thousands of years have since elapsed. Seas, oceans, have since dried up; but these mountains still stand firm.

Their venerable heads are covered with everlasting ice, and their topmost peaks no human foot has ever yet trodden. They silently, but effectually, perform the important and beneficial object for which they were destined: they feed the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, the North Sea and the Adriatic; and from their inexhaustible reservoirs they send forth a thousand streams to fertilize the countries of Europe.

The summit of the Alp on which I lay engaged in these meditations was yet covered with snow. All around was as still as if everlasting Peace had here erected her altars. Far below me appeared the lovely valley of Lauterbrunn and the awfully romantic Ammertenthal: in the distance roared the torrents which, for thousands of years, have poured their never-failing tribute into the valleys; still farther down glistened the flames of the smelting-houses. From the hills round about me resounded the solitary tinkling of the bells of the dispersed cattle, now and then intermingled with the bleating of a young kid, or the hum of a droning beetle.

The evening was mild and serene; a slight breeze blew refreshingly from the glaciers, and millions of flowers of all hues perfumed the pure

mountain air with their aromatic fragrance. It was one of the most delicious moments of my life. From my couch, enamelled with clover blossom, I contemplated with increasing rapture the wonders of the unexplored regions of snow above me. An indefinable sensation of delight pervaded me: I could have given utterance to my joy aloud, had not a certain feeling of humility or melancholy chained my tongue. I cannot describe it; but it seemed to me as if I had never felt so devout. The colossal mountains of granite and the sparkling seas of ice before me—what were they but a speck to the myriads of worlds that bespangle the nocturnal sky!

I folded my hands and prayed; never was I so sensible of the presence of God. All at once I heard the sound of distant footsteps. "Some one is coming," said I to the herdsman, who just then stepped out of the hut; "does any body else live here besides you?"

"Nobody," replied he; "but Miss comes sometimes in the evening, and sleeps here."

"Who is Miss?"

"My master's daughter."

I rose, while the herdsman went to meet her. She was not yet in sight, for the path led up to the rear of the hut, when I heard her call to

him, with a sweet voice, "Good evening, Rütli. I am come to stop with you to-night; the weather is so beautiful, and it bids fair for a fine morning."

The herdsman must have acquainted her that I was there, for I heard him say something about the *stranger*. She paused, as if hesitating whether to proceed or not; at least, I heard no more footsteps. I therefore walked round the hut to pay my respects to the mistress of my Alp.

Whoever has been in Switzerland must be acquainted with the theatrical costume of the damsels of the Alps. When I first entered the canton of Berne, and beheld the fanciful dresses of the Swiss girls, I was ready to imagine that some friend had played me a trick, and sent the most beautiful of their sex, arrayed after the elegant fashion of some tender idyl, to make me believe that I had found the Arcadian scenes of my youthful reveries. By degrees I became accustomed to the pleasing reality; but at the sight of *this* maiden I could not help reverting to the notion, and regarding her as one of the lovely beings of the poetic world in that happy age when Innocence still dwelt in human form upon the earth. Her head, covered with dark

curly locks, was shaded by a large Leghorn hat, adorned by a bunch of wild flowers; and two light blue ribands floated loosely from the broad brim down to her hips. Her large blue eyes bespoke the sweetest disposition, childlike simplicity, and innocent love. These silent mirrors of the heart and soul were overarched by the dark bows of the eyebrows, and long silken lashes tempered the fire of their ardent glances. Youth and health revelled in her dimpled cheeks, in her coral lips, and in the plumpness of her whole beauteous figure.

The corset was of black velvet, laced with gold chains, and richly and tastefully wrought with gold and silk of various colours. The wide sleeves, of the finest cambric, reached to the small delicate hand; and the habit-shirt, of the same material, modestly concealed the neck and bosom. The petticoat, of black silk, with its hundred plaits, was, according to our notions, extremely short. Fine white cotton stockings displayed the shape of the leg and elegantly turned ankle. A pretty basket dangled carelessly from her arm. In her whole exterior were combined the freshness and vigour of the most unsophisticated native of the Alps, with the dignity and grace of the most accomplished

of our leaders of fashion. Such was the female who intended to pass the night here!

I approached her respectfully, and accosted her in polite terms as the mistress of the place; she, with true Swiss cordiality, gave me her soft little hand and bade me welcome. After the first salutations, I expressed my joy at spending so lovely an evening in such society, sent me, as it were, by Providence itself. "It is lucky for us, indeed," replied she, "that I have come up, else you would certainly have passed an uncomfortable night on our Alp; for you would have had nothing but hay to lie on. As it is, I shall give up to you my closet, where you will sleep more commodiously."

With these words she led me into the hut, and ushered me into the closet just mentioned. I had been at Trianon, Versailles, St. Cloud, and many other mansions of the great of that gaudy world which lay spread out at my feet. More superb chambers I had certainly beheld, but none that was neater, or wore an air of superior comfort. The furniture, of maple or black poplar wood, was extremely tasteful; and the walls were hung with Swiss landscapes by the most eminent native artists, many of them of very great value. The queen of my Alp threw

up the window of the fairy cabinet, and my ravished looks rested on the immense glaciers before me. It was as though the whole wide circle had approached nearer to heaven—as though it had become more holy since the maiden had appeared within it. I felt that I had become better in these elevated regions; still my nature was not wholly purified from its dross: for when my fascinating hostess drew back the snow-white curtains that veiled her virgin couch, and I perceived the most elegant of all nightcaps on the pillow, my fancy began to picture the dark ringlets of the enchanting maiden covered with the cap, and her lovely self—— From this reverie she recalled me by the assurance, that I should here sleep very comfortably. I replied, that I had never beheld so inviting a chamber, but that I could not possibly accept it, as she had intimated to the herdsman her intention of passing the night on the Alp; adding, that I should be quite satisfied with the accommodation offered me by her servant, and had no doubt, that with her so near me, I should sleep more soundly on my hay than many a prince on his bed of down.

“God forbid!” exclaimed she with a smile; “what would you think of me if I were to stay,

now you are here! I must be a strange girl, indeed! No! I will stay a little while with you, if you allow me, and then I will go home and send you up some supper; for the man has nothing but a crust of bread, butter-milk, and some dried fruit."

She talked a great deal, sometimes as simply and familiarly as a child, at others expressing herself with all the elegance and intelligence of the best-bred lady. Her Swiss German sounded inexpressibly sweet from her rosy lips. It was only when she came to any of the expressions of common life that she employed her native provincialisms, but from my previous travels in Switzerland I was at no loss for their meaning.

We were soon as familiar as if we had been brought up together on this Alp. "What is your name, enchanting girl?" asked I.

"Father calls me Mimili," replied she, with a tone that made every fibre of my heart vibrate. "Come," continued she, "I will lead you higher: you shall see something still finer. I will show you a valley and two glaciers that are not to be matched in the whole country."

I gave her my arm, and we ascended. She climbed the steepest places with the greatest agility. Her cheeks were suffused with a higher

glow, and her bosom heaved quicker. It became cooler as we advanced, for we had not much higher to mount to the snow, which still covered the summit of the Alp. What the sun had melted in the middle of the day trickled down in a hundred little rills, and the most delicate verdure began to clothe the sides of the mountain lower down, from which the snow had but recently disappeared.

Here grazed Mimili's cattle. She had a name for every cow, and they would all turn round and look at her when she called them, and stand still to be patted. Their coats were as smooth as glass, and the animals were in high condition. The kids came bleating to her from the distant crags, licked her hands, and nibbled the biscuits and slices of bread and butter which she reached to them from the basket. She stooped down, played with and fondled them; so that I fairly envied the creatures, and would fain have implored Jupiter to transform me on the spot into a kid.

"Auli! Auli! Auli!" she then cried, and a curly-woolled lamb, having a little bell fastened round its neck with a yellow riband, came, bounding like a roe, and frisked about her. "This poor thing lost its mother," said Mimili,

scratching the poll of the little brute orphan, and putting its red nose into the hollow of her white hand, "and so I took care of the creature, and brought it up; and now it loves me, as if I were its mother." With this pretty favourite she spoke pure Swiss. Observing a little blood on its left fore-foot, probably occasioned by the scratch of a thorn, she held it up, wiped off the blood with her handkerchief, and said, with inimitable tenderness, "Has something hurt thee, my poor Auli? Observe," she proceeded, rising, and pointing to the cows, which never stopped to graze on one spot, but moved from place to place, cropping the freshest and tenderest herbage—"observe how cunning the cattle are: they know the different herbs as well as our Haller and Gessner, and your Wildenow."

I looked at her in astonishment. "What," I asked, "do you know about Haller and Gessner and Wildenow?"

"I know something about them," replied she, with a smile. "Look you," she continued, with an artlessness that might be termed the shadow to the light which she now unconsciously placed upon the bushel, and picking, as she spoke, a handful of flowers—"look you, if I did not

know that this is *Anemone alpina*, this *Dryas octopetala*, and this *Ranunculus nivalis*, should I not have reason to be ashamed of my ignorance? Why should we not be as well acquainted with the plants and grasses of our pastures, as the girls of your country with those which grow in your fields? No sooner is the snow gone than they all shoot up here vigorously.—But come along a little higher. You have not there the blue-bell of the Alps, *Soldanella Alpina*, which flowers even upon the snow, and the *Crocus vernus* beneath it. These are fond of a cool situation; for when the snow melts, they fade and go off too. Both always appear to me like infants who die at the mother's breast. The air of the earth is too heavy for them; they aspire to a more ethereal atmosphere.—But I must show you our gold-mines; for if you could naturalize the Alpine clover, and the milk-vetch, and the Alpine plantain, and the *Phillandrium mutellina*, and the *Apargia aurea*, and the *Pimpinella alba*, you would not want our cheeses; for you might make the same sorts yourselves. What is your country, sir?"

"The same as your friend Wildenow's."

"What! and this, then, I suppose," pointing to my breast, "is the iron——" She could not

finish for surprise. "O welcome—doubly welcome, Knight of the Iron Cross! No, indeed! Now you must come along to my father! He would never forgive me if I left you to sleep up here. Do me the favour to accompany me home: all that our house affords shall be at your service. My father is a warm admirer of your king and your nation, and tells me about them every Sunday, when he returns from church, where the sexton reads the newspaper to them all under the great walnut-tree."

Who could refuse such a girl anything? I cheerfully complied with her wish, and away we went. We walked arm in arm. She no longer regarded me as a stranger; I seemed to her to be an old acquaintance of her father's. She talked to me about her mother, who had been dead eight years—about the good sister Crescentia in the nunnery at Zug, and about everything that concerned herself, with the same artlessness as if I had been one of the family. "The Alp on which we are," continued she, "is my mother's portion, and father gives it me for pocket-money; but I don't know what to do with it all. Oh, I am rich! Only think, I have six-and-thirty cows; each cow produces yearly two hundred weight of cheese, which sells for at least ten

crowns the hundred weight. My Alp always supplies my cows with fresh grass in summer, and more hay than they want in winter; and this is all that I need care about. Have you any mountains in your country?"

Lest I should only embarrass her by the mention of such as are less known, I named the Giant Mountains of Silesia.

"Giant Mountains, forsooth!" said she, smiling. "Why, their greatest height is but five thousand feet. Our Finster-Aarhorn is above thirteen thousand. There's a mountain for you!"

I could not conceal my surprise at her knowledge.

"You must not banter me, sir," said she bashfully, "or I shall hold my tongue."

"Ah Mimili! speak on," cried I, kissing her hand, which lay within my arm. "I could listen to you for a day together, while you are talking of your Alps."

"Don't you think our mountains beautiful?" she again began, in her former friendly tone. "You should stay here always. I fancy I should not like any spot in the whole world as I do our own. It must be very disagreeable to live in a flat country. Now look, sir, at the Jungfrau:

such a sight as evening now presents may perhaps be afforded by the Lebanon in Syria, the Ophyr in Sumatra, and the Chimborasso and Nerona Roa, but certainly not by your Silesian hills: we call it the *glow* of the Alps. Come, let us sit down under yon spreading beech; that is a favourite place of mine in the evening, and so our old herdsman has put up a soft mossy seat for me in the shade."

We sat down. The turf around us was variegated with the red willow-herb (*Epilobium alpinum angustifolium*), thyme, red fescue-grass (*Festuca rubra*), *Androsace villosa*, gentian, ironwort, and a thousand other beautiful flowers.

All at once there was a tremendous peal of thunder, which slowly resounded in the immense mountains, and rolled far—far away, through the tranquil atmosphere, to the most remote valleys and ravines. A silvery stream poured from an opposite Alp, and fell, surrounded by a light sparkling arch of snow, deeper and deeper with the roaring of the most terrific tempest, to the bottom of the abyss.

I sprung up, affrighted, from the mossy seat, raising my hands instinctively above my head. I imagined that the everlasting Alps were toppling about our ears. The ground shook under

us: the snow, like a cloud of brilliants sparkling in the radiance of evening, flew far around, and even fell in a light shower at our feet.

"What was that? For Heaven's sake, what was that, Mimili?" cried I, seeking, with impatient look, the shortest way by which we might escape into the valleys.

"I am glad—heartily glad you have seen that," rejoined my companion, with emotion, but yet with a smile. "Such circumstances happen around us almost every day; but we do not always see them so near or so distinctly as we saw this. Was it not a grand—a magnificent spectacle? That was an avalanche."

"That an avalanche! But are they not said to be very dangerous?"

"The summer avalanches are not; they happen only in our highest mountains, which are not visited by man: but those which fall towards the end of winter, frequently do a great deal of mischief. When the snow begins to thaw, then it is very dangerous travelling in our valleys. Owing to the slightest concussion of the air, frequently to the mere tinkling of the bells of the pack-horses, one of these tremendous masses is detached, carries away all before it, buries houses and villages, dashes rocks in

pieces, overthrows the strongest walls, and squeezes up woods of the most ancient larch-trees, like a handful of toothpicks. Do you hear it still rumbling at a distance?" I listened, and faint echoes were yet distinctly audible.

The sun meanwhile sunk lower behind the western mountains; the sky was without a cloud, and now commenced what is properly called the *glow* of the Alps. The whole firmament resembled an ocean of fire. Its radiance was magnificently reflected by the glistening ice-capped peaks of the Jungfrau, and the sea-green pyramids and obelisks of the neighbouring glaciers. In the glowing ether the vast masses of snow appeared nearly transparent; it seemed as though the everlasting ice had imbibed the fire of the contiguous sky, as if heaven and earth were blended together in those unattainable elevations.

Mimili contemplated this enchanting scene with silent awe, and folding her hands over her breast, she prayed to its Almighty Author. "This is a heavenly evening!" she ejaculated, while the warm glow of the sky and the white summit of the Jungfrau were reflected in her dark-blue eyes, and her bosom heaved beneath the velvet corset.

There was no longer any thing earthly in me; I felt so supremely happy, that I could have died in Mimili's arms, and flown with her on the purple pinions of eve into the regions of roseate light that dawned before us.

"Let us go!" said she at length, after a pause of such bliss as I had never yet experienced. I awoke as from a trance, gave her my arm, and we descended into the silent valleys. Neither of us could speak for some time. We had understood each other without words—love needs no interpreter.

When we had nearly reached the house, Mimili ran on before, to acquaint her father with my coming: the old man, a genuine cabinet-picture by Denner, came out to meet me, extended his nervous right hand, and squeezed mine so cordially, that I could have roared with agony. "Welcome to my house, sir," said he, in a kind but solemn tone: "I have never yet had the happiness of entertaining one of your nation. You are the first to afford me that gratification. Share with us such as we have. We shall make no stranger of you; but while you stay here, we shall consider you as one of the family. Mimili, let us have the best that the kitchen and cellar can furnish: I will enjoy myself to-

night with you, and talk, over a glass of wine, about the important events in which, as that cross shows, you have borne a part. I have longed much for an opportunity of conversing with some one who has made the last campaign."

Mimili bustled about. Presently she came to the door with a maple rod, having a small net fastened to the end of it, across her shoulder. "Will you come along with me to the trout-stream?" And away I tripped with her to the brook, which ran past the house, at the distance of eighty or a hundred paces. A small square open cistern, hewn out of the rock, and furnished with a close grate, for the passage of the water, contained many score of the liveliest fish. The water was as transparent as crystal, so that one might see the bottom. Here Mimili was again quite the playful girl. Had you seen her cowering on the margin of the cistern, crumbling bread into the water, whistling and talking to the trout, which darted like lightning to the surface, you could not have supposed her to be more than thirteen at the utmost. Dipping the net into the water, she took up at once as many fish as were sufficient for supper. In this operation, in spite of all her care, she wetted

her fingers a little, and rompingly shook off the drops in my face. As soon as I could open my eyes after this unexpected salute, I took up as much water as I could hold in my hand, for the purpose of returning it with interest, when she bounded with her net, and the fish floundering in it, across the brook, over stock and stone, like a young chamois; and when she had got to some distance, she turned round, and pelted me with turnips, till she made me spill every drop of the water with which I was pursuing her.

It was not till I had given her a solemn promise not to resent the trick she had played me, that peace was restored between us. I carried her net, and we returned, laughing and joking, to the old man, who was amused by our frolics, and seemed to survey with peculiar complacency the lovely figure of the blooming girl.

Mimili hastened into the house to prepare supper. "How much you are to be envied the possession of such a daughter!" said I, observing the silent rapture with which his eyes hung upon her.

"Indeed, sir," replied he, "a man who has such a child may well be envied. She is my only joy and my only pride. The years she passed at

Zug were like ages to me: and yet I am glad I sent her thither, for she learned something there, perhaps more than she will ever have occasion for. My neighbour, Mr. * * * *, is very fond of her"—(these words struck me breathless)—"he reads the ancient poets with her, and supplies her with new books and music. She draws and paints very prettily; and when she sings to me, and accompanies herself on the guitar, I feel as if nothing were wanting to my happiness in this world."

The mention of the confounded neighbour had thrown such a weight upon my heart, that I scarcely attended to all that followed. Ten times was I on the point of asking who this neighbour was—his age—whether he was married, &c. &c.; but was checked by the reflection that my host would not fail to discover, at the very first word, the drift of my inquiries.

Of this I was not myself thoroughly sensible till now. The mention of this neighbour occasioned the first pang that I had felt in Switzerland.

Mimili came, and brought the old Ryf wine, which her father had expressly ordered. We seated ourselves under a venerable walnut-tree, which three men could not have encompassed,

and which overshadowed the whole house with its spreading branches.

I was quite uneasy—my cheerfulness was gone. Mimili could not be mine—that was clear enough: this unlucky neighbour stood in the way, with his new books and his ancient poets. The thought oppressed me, as though I was buried beneath an avalanche. At length I found a clue to conduct me out of the dark labyrinth of my gloomy forebodings.

“At the inn at Unterseen,” said I, trumping up a lie, with front of brass, “I met to-day with a genteel young man, who seemed to be well acquainted with this part of the country, well-informed and sociable, lively and polite. Could this have been the neighbour whom you mean?”

I chuckled like a child at having hit upon such a happy idea; for it was impossible for either of them to discover, from this question, what I was driving at.

“No,” replied Mimili, with a smile; “that must have been a stranger. Neighbour * * * * is a man of sixty: father and he were boys together, and his wife was the bosom-friend of my late mother. It is a pity that they happen to be from home. They are people that you ought to see: indeed, they are too good for this world.”

This explanation removed from my heart the intolerable weight by which it had been oppressed. I could once more breathe freely, and now I truly enjoyed the generous Ryf. Mimili placed herself opposite to me, and her father took his seat by my side. We chatted about the campaign, and I had to tell them about our loyal nation—how it boldly and unanimously rose to shake off a foreign yoke; how gallantly our unfledged youths combated the bearded and whiskered guards of our enemy; how our *landwehr*, though never in action before, stood like rocks amid the fire of the artillery; how our troops, frequently without firing a gun, advanced to the charge with fixed bayonets; how young heroines of unimpeachable character fought courageously under our banners; how tenderly our matrons and damsels nursed the sick and the wounded; how all classes of the nation voluntarily contributed whatever they possessed most valuable to promote the good cause; how the silver hair of our Marshal *Forward* was everywhere the banner of our victorious army; how our gallant king undauntedly faced death in every battle for the deliverance of his people, and three times in the course of that sanguinary campaign, at Culm, at Leipzig,

and at Bar-sur-Aube, secured victory by his presence of mind, his intelligence, and his personal valour.

During my relation the tears stole from between the silken lashes of the susceptible girl; and when I had finished, her father rose, and drank prosperity to my king, my nation, and our victorious arms. He again replenished the glasses, and proposed my health; but Mimili declared she would not drink it till I had promised to stay at least a week with them. "You are the man for my father," added she; "I have not seen him for a long time so happy as he is to-night."

"Don't talk of a week, Mimili," said the old man: "if this gentleman should like to stay longer than that with us, surely you would not forbid him. When people are happy in each other's company, they ought never to talk about parting."

My intimation that I should set out early next morning was rejected as wholly inadmissible.

We now went into the house to supper. I no longer felt myself a stranger, but like one of the family, and as if I had lived here from my infancy. Mimili had prepared a supper fit for a

lord: the Côte wine, with which the father plied me with friendly hospitality, and the strong Vaux, which he brought after the cloth was removed, infused such a heat into my veins, that I seemed to be all on fire.

"Now," said the old man to Mimili, as we rose from table, "you two shall take a walk to the little cascade: the dark basin into which the stream precipitates itself in foam has a singular appearance at night. I am tired, and shall go to bed; but don't stay long, children, for it is already late."

I observed, half in jest and half in earnest, that it was rather venturous to trust the girl with me alone.

He smiled. "That man, sir," said he, with emphasis, "whose breast his king has adorned with this cross, a virtuous father may certainly trust with his virtuous daughter either by day or by night."

The old man might indeed well talk thus coolly: he was past sixty, and he had only sipped at the wines, of which I had been led by thirst and hilarity to make copious libations. We wished him a good night, and away we went.

The evening was warm and delicious. All nature was hushed in solemn repose. The dew

rested upon the herbage, from which balmy odours were wafted to us by gentle breezes, and the roaring of the cascade was heard in the distance. Before us, the head of the everlasting Jungfrau, magnificently tinged with a roseate hue, reared itself aloft in the dark concave of heaven. No pencil ever yet attempted a representation of this magical effect; how then can my feeble pen be so presumptuous? The radiant glow of evening had subsided: a faint light only glimmered in the west, and was wonderfully reflected by the topmost icy peaks of the stupendous Jungfrau, which seemed to have imbibed the fires of the departed sun, and to be pouring them forth again in a flood of pale rose-coloured effulgence.

I stood lost in the contemplation of this to me novel scene, and Mimili, with her eyes fixed on the brilliant Jungfrau, hung on my arm. "We will not go down into the basin," said she softly; "it is cold, and dark, and gloomy there. Come with me to the seat where there is so much clover; there it is more cheerful and agreeable."

We seated ourselves, and began to chat. She was so kind, so familiar, so confiding, that I was often tempted to imagine that I had an angel by my side.

She made me promise her—"merely for her father's sake," said the sly hussy—not to leave them in the morning, and then she became once more the lively romp, all fun and frolic. I suppose I had ventured a step beyond the line, for I cannot recollect exactly what I had done, owing to the powerful effect of the wine I had taken, when she caught hold of both my hands, pressed them to her bosom, and said, in a tone that might have melted the everlasting mountains which towered above us, "Don't behave so; I am but a weak girl, and you are a strong man, with whom my father has trusted his maiden." Throwing her left arm round me, she pressed the Iron Cross to her lips with the right, as the superstitious, when in imminent danger, would an amulet. It would be impossible to express how much the self-denial cost me: I sat upon the granite seat like St. Laurence on his gridiron.

It was not till this moment that I was aware what an insurmountable bar the old man had placed before me with his cross.

In this manner we chatted for about a couple of hours, enveloped in the mantle of night, and then returned home. Mimili conducted me to my chamber, but I felt not the least inclination

to sleep. Taking the candle in my hand, I examined the valuable drawings, engravings, and pictures, with which the walls, like those of Mimili's cabinet on the Alp, were hung. I turned to the book-case, which was filled from top to bottom with select and costly works; among the rest, all the ancient classics, and the most eminent modern publications on botany and natural history. On the pianoforte lay a guitar, and the latest productions of the first composers of the present day. All this, however, had but little effect on me; and it was nearly morning before I was sufficiently composed to betake myself to my solitary bed.

Next morning, when I rose, Mimili was up. She bade me good morning, and called me a sluggard. She had already dispatched a messenger to my fellow-traveller, with a letter, in which, without having said a word to me about the matter, she intimated that I intended to meet him in a week at Schwytz.

After breakfast, which we took with the father under the walnut-tree, two horses were led out. Mimili mounted one, and I the other; and away we rode, to enjoy the delightful morning. She wished to make me acquainted with the whole country round her native place; and

she assured me, that if I were to live there for ten years together, she could every day show me fresh scenes, every one of which I should think more beautiful than all the preceding.

On horseback a new charm was diffused over this extraordinary girl. On the brink of the most frightful precipices, along which the animal, accustomed to these romantic tracks, cautiously proceeded with his lovely burden, Mimili sat with perfect negligence and ease, as though flying over abysses of such tremendous depth that the eye could not discover the bottom. If the beast were to make but one false step, the angelic girl must inevitably perish. I durst not look down into the dark ravines, where the loftiest pines appeared no taller than a gooseberry bush, and the cottages of the inhabitants no bigger than children's card-houses. I turned giddy with looking down into the immeasurable depth, where an impetuous torrent roared along its rocky channel, and fixed my eyes in silent confidence on my adventurous guide, who paused at intervals, to admire the glory of the morning and the rich and diversified scenery of nature.

About nine o'clock we dismounted. Mimili had brought with her a sandwich and a bottle

of red Corteillod in the pocket of her saddle. We sat down on the turf, beside a limpid stream, in the shade of a grove of walnut-trees. She poured out the sparkling beverage into a silver goblet, and, with a thousand jokes and gambols, we emptied the bottle, and rested ourselves on the sweet grass. Not a creature in the wide world could enjoy a repast more than I did this. The whole atmosphere was an ocean of perfumes, wafted from innumerable flowers of all colours around us; the crystal stream murmured at our feet; there was not a human eye in the whole valley to overlook us; and the umbrageous roof formed over our heads by the overarching boughs of the venerable walnut-tree was so thick, that the sun himself could not peep through it.

Sportive zephyrs, born in the cups of the flowers that enamelled the pastures, and wafted to us by a gentle western breeze, played with her locks, her ribands, and the handkerchief, that covered her bosom, and most distinctly whispered me to do the same. Mimili, however, aware that I was not a sportive zephyr, rapped my knuckles for me, and poutingly mounted her horse.

The heavenly moments were fled, and I had

enough to do to appease the offended fair-one. "I never felt such kindness for any body as for you," said she, giving me at the same time a most angry look; "but then you must behave accordingly, otherwise I shall never trust myself alone with you again. I shall cry, to be sure, when I am in my valleys without you; but if you mean to go on as you have done last night and this morning, the sooner the mountains are between us the better."

I rode along behind her as still as a mouse, like Sancho after the sound dressing which he deservedly received from his master; and it was a long—long while before she held her hand behind her, saying, in a kind tone, but without turning round, "You are not angry, I hope." I sprang from my horse, seized her hand, and pressed it fervently to my lips: her good humour returned, and she patted my cheeks with playful innocence.

We were just then on the summit of a hill. As I walked along by her side, another of those frolicsome zephyrs overtook us, and, more audacious than his brethren in the valley, he seemed determined to play his wanton pranks with Mimili's plaited petticoat. "Come up to me," said she, "for I shall sit better"—a mere pre-

text to prevent me from seeing any more of the freaks of the amorous wind. I accordingly sprang up behind her, and we proceeded merrily home. I laid all the blame of my offence on the fiery Corteillod. "Oh," replied she, laughing, "there is a remedy for that! Drink water! We have the finest in the world, and plenty of it; so that you need never be at a loss."

If we had a lordly dinner the preceding day, we had a princely entertainment on this. The old man, with genuine Swiss hospitality, produced his best wine, and we chatted away one of the most delicious hours over an abundant and elegant dessert. There were the finest southern fruits, various sorts of confectionery, the rarest dessert wines, and pine-apple ice—in short, nothing was wanting to gratify the palate even of a professed epicure.

We took coffee under the walnut-tree in front of the house. Mimili's numerous subjects assembled at her feet—turkeys, ducks, geese, hens, doves, of all sorts and colours. All eyes were fixed upon their queen; and in a hundred different languages, the variegated favourites gabbled, cackled, quacked, crowed, and cooed their delight on beholding their lovely mistress, who, with bountiful hand, distributed the gol-

den grain among the innocent courtiers.

I had seen poultry fed a hundred—nay, a thousand times; but whoever had seen Mimili in this animated circle could not but have been enchanted with her humour, her sprightliness, her happy knack of extracting pleasure from the simplest office and occupation. She talked the Swiss *Patois* with the faithful companions of her calm domestic life, and unluckily I did not understand a tenth part of what she said. She made herself, however, perfectly intelligible to the animals: the chickens, attracted by the melody of her voice, came close to her, and pecked out of her hand; the loquacious ducks waddled up, and related to her all that had passed in the poultry-yard during the last four and twenty hours; and the pigeons fluttered about her head. Mimili said something kind to each of them, called many by their names, scolded such as were greedy, and caressed those which waited with patience till it came to their turn to be served.

Mimili then sat down, after some persuasion, to the pianoforte. I threw myself into a corner of the sofa, and silently admired her fluency and the delicacy of her touch. She first played a very difficult sonata, and then digressing from





the theme of the sonata to a fantasia of her own, she lost herself in the boundless spaces of harmony. Now the instrument poured forth a powerful volume of wild sounds; presently the strain changed to a simple pastoral song; and again the soul of the lovely performer poured itself forth in a tender adagio. She ceased, and, still seated before the instrument, she hung her head, and played with the gold chains of her corset. With a heart full of the melancholy of her concluding adagio, I rose and went to her. Her large blue eyes were filled with tears. "What is the matter?" I softly asked, and kissed the hand which had produced tones so sweet from the rigid strings. "Why do you weep, Mimili?"

She shook her head, and smiled through her tears, with a look of mingled kindness and sorrow.

"Why these tears, my Mimili? Speak! May I not know the cause?"

"You would not understand me," answered she, after a considerable pause, with downcast look. Her full heart now overflowed, and she sobbed aloud.

"Dearest Mimili! what ails you? Tell me, I beseech you."

"You would not understand me," repeated she, "and I have nobody to whom I can tell it. This," pointing to the pianoforte, "knows my sorrows, and has answered me."

"Don't laugh at me, sir," she proceeded, after a short pause; "I am a girl—a silly girl, that have my dreams. Now I have had my cry out, I shall be easier."

I partly understood her, for I was not vain enough to comprehend her whole meaning. She went up to her room, to wash her eyes with fresh spring-water, lest her father might observe that she had been weeping; while I, overpowered with rapture, began to have a glimpse of the bliss that awaited me.

"Mimili mine!" These two words comprised the sum and substance of my earthly felicity. No sooner were these two words associated together in the recesses of my soul—for as yet they had not escaped my lips—than I made up my mind to offer my hand to no other female in the wide world than to this angelic creature.

Mimili was fond of me! I had abundant assurance of that. For so holy a love as dwelt in Mimili's virgin bosom no word in our poor language was sufficiently expressive. Could I not speak that very moment? Such were my medi-

tations as I paced the floor. I still heard in imagination the soft tones of her *adagio*.

“But——” Alas! how this provoking *but* poisons every enjoyment during our pilgrimage through this world! But will Mimili be willing to quit the paradise of her home to accompany me? Will she, who has grown up here, among the flowers of her pastures, be able to live in those sandy plains where the stunted heath can scarcely gain nourishment? Will she there find any thing to compensate for the loss of the thousand natural beauties which attach her to this spot? Will this heart—this poor heart alone—indemnify her for her separation from all she loves? Will her father assent to the removal of this girl, the joy of his old age, into our deserts? Will not Mimili be obliged to exchange her corset, her plaited petticoat, and all her native paraphernalia, for the French costumes which fashion has forced upon us? Will she not, with her Swiss apparel, throw off also her Swiss simplicity? Will the free maiden of the Alps be able to accommodate herself to the restraints of our way of life? Will she not wish herself back out of our still and formal circles, which are frequently held together only by the red and black pips on fifty-two cards,

with her frolicsome kids and lambkins, her gabbling ducks and geese, and her cooing doves? Will she——”

I should have stumbled upon a hundred more such “*Will she’s?*” had not a servant just then entered to inform me that supper was on the table.

Mimili too must have been meanwhile holding a soliloquy, which probably began with “*Will he?*” for she was serious and reserved.

It was not till her father inquired if any thing ailed her, that she made an effort to resume her accustomed cheerfulness, and to joke with him and me: but I was more sharp-sighted than the old man; I could see to the very bottom of her pure soul, and I cast into it the anchor of my hopes.

“To the seat where there is so much clover,” I softly whispered to her after supper. She nodded assent with a smile, and fetched her guitar. “Father,” said she, “the gentleman is fond of the bench where we sat last night; I will sing him to sleep there, and then I’ll chain him, and make him stay with us till the clover has done blossoming.”

The old man laughed, and we walked arm in arm to the seat. Mimili touched, unsolicited,

the strings of her guitar, and sang the sweetest of her native songs. It was as though not a leaf stirred—as if the flowers raised their dewy heads to listen to the enchanting tones of her melodious voice. I was thrilled with transport; I moved nearer to her, and when quite close, she still seemed to be too far from me.

“This morning,” said she, “long before you were up, I was abroad. I taught all the rocks round about your name, that they may be able to repeat it to me when you are gone; then I shall have something to talk to me about you when I am alone. I will tell you now why I wept, and why I was so low-spirited at the beginning of supper. When you are gone—but perhaps it is wrong for me to tell you, and yet there is no harm in it, and it seems to me as if you ought to know all I think and feel—when you are gone, I shall have nothing worth living for. I dare not tell father so; he will say, ‘Have you not your cattle and your *aulis*, your kids and your doves, your Alps and your flowers?’—Very true; but I have not any one to call me his little Mimili, to chat and toy with me, and to tell me, a hundred times a day, that he is fond of me.—You will be far—far away, and not a creature in the whole world will think of poor

little Mimili in her solitary mountains. My spirit will fly over them after you, and they will bury me under the cold rocks. It was this that came into my mind yesterday, at dusk, when I played to you, and my heart overflowed, so that I could not help weeping. Now I am easier; and I have been able to tell you that which, I know not why, I could not then, on any account, have brought across my lips. But now you know this, if you really love me as dearly as you say, and as I would fain believe you do, you will stay here a week longer than you have promised—won't you? I will do all that lies in my power to please you, but then you must stay another week; indeed you must. Recollect, when that is gone, we shall never—never see each other again—and what is one short week to a whole life!"

"Mimili!" said I, "my own dear Mimili! how, if we were to remain together for good?"

"How for good?" asked she, in a mild but serious tone, as if she were alarmed, and suspected the drift of the question which her wishes had suggested.

"Mimili, pronounce my sentence," said I, with feelings more serious and solemn than I had ever before experienced. "If you could read

my heart as plainly as I can yours, you would then know what I hope you now believe, that my views with respect to you are honourable; that I love you above every thing in the world; that I cannot live without you; and that I swear, by the Almighty God, to be faithful to you till death. Be mine, Mimili; be my beloved wife!"

Mimili looked steadfastly at me, and laughed. "Surely you must have lost your wits, sir," cried she. "What could you do with a silly girl from the Alps in your fine city? What would your generous maids and matrons say, if you were to carry home one who has done nothing—nothing at all, for your king and country—one who is not acquainted with your ways and manners—one who knows nothing but her love to you. Here you like me because you see no others: but wait till you get home; when they come out to meet you with the ringing of bells and the merry dance, and the maidens bring you their thanks with tears in their eyes, myrtle garlands in their hands, and loving hearts in their bosoms, oh, then you will cease to think of me! Reserve yourself, sir, for those for whom your heart's blood has flowed—for the daughters of your country; not for the shepherd-girl

of foreign Switzerland. And then, do you suppose my father would let me go? Why, his heart would break if I were to cross the mountains, and not to come back again. Could I be easy in your crowded streets, when I knew that the old man was pining all alone at home? or could you part for ever from your illustrious king, whom you have sworn to serve, and your great nation, for whose welfare you have braved death, to dwell here, in a country where you would never feel at home? Would my love, infinite as it is, always suffice to fill up your solitary existence here? No, sir," concluded she, while tears started into her eyes; "no: this flattering dream I have abandoned; for I may now confess that I have dreamt it too. I had built upon it the fondest wishes of my heart; but all—all have sunk into an unfathomable abyss, to perish for ever! For ever! My friend, my dear friend, that thought is terrible!"

"To-morrow," replied I, moved to the bottom of my soul by this address, "I will speak to your father."

Now that I had the confession of her love, no power on earth could have parted me from this angel. We formed a hundred plans, and relinquished them all. We sat till late on the bench,

happier than many a monarch on his throne. As we went home, she repeated my name to the mountains, that, as she said, they might not forget it. I called her name, which the rocks beyond the clover-pastures re-echoed four, five, and even six times; at first distinctly, *Mimili*, then *mili* and *ili*, till at last *li, li, li*, alone faintly resounded in the distance.

“You have no mountains,” said she, with a sorrowful smile: “when you call my name in your country, the wind that sweeps your plains will blow it away; nothing will repeat my name to you, and you will forget me: while the confidants of my secret, the friends of my youth, my mountains, which you have seen, which know you, which have witnessed the happy hours we have spent together, will sympathize in my sorrows, and answer me, when, in the anguish of my solitude, I ask them your name.” Once more, in silver tones, she called my name to the rocks that towered to the skies; she listened for the sound, which they returned as melodiously as they had received it. It was as though a being from another sphere was speaking to us from above; so widely and so sweetly rung the accents pronounced by Mimili to her native mountains.

On reaching the house, we sat for above an hour. I had complained by the way of thirst; she went herself, and fetched ice-cold water from the spring, squeezed lemon-juice into it, cut slices of pine-apple into the glass, sweetened it with sugar, added a little wine, and thus prepared an exquisite beverage, which we drank together.

When I rose in the morning, Mimili was already gone; whether to her mountains, her cows, her fish, her doves, or her flowers, I cannot tell. I was glad of it, for I was in a very serious mood, and she would only have disturbed me with her playful pranks. I was arranging in my mind the harangue which I should address to the old man to solicit the hand of his daughter. It was impossible he could refuse it, for I attacked him in his weakest points. I anticipated his objections, and answered them all so triumphantly, that he could resist no longer, and at length went and fetched his enchanting Mimili, and resigned her to my arms. I stood with my face towards the window, and was rehearsing, in an under-tone, the speech by which this effect was to be produced, when a loud laugh behind me all at once snapped the thread of my oration. It was

Mimili, who had slipped softly into the room without shoes, and overheard great part of my harangue, though not understood its purport.

The morning air had heightened the bloom of her colour; her blue eyes glistened like two morning-stars, and a nosegay of the sweetest wild flowers adorned her bosom. She presented me a handful of the finest strawberries, which she had just picked, and asked what I had been preaching about so pathetically? I clasped the enchanting creature in my arms, and silently implored the blessing of Heaven on my purpose, concerning which I said not a syllable to her; for, confident as I had felt of success but a moment before, now in her presence, I began to conceive it possible that fate might not have destined such a prize for me, and that her father, on hearing my overtures, might reply to them with an overwhelming "No."

The old man listened to what I had to say, half-smilingly and half-seriously. He then took me cordially by the hand. "I feel exceedingly obliged to you, sir," said he, "for the honour you do the girl and me. That you are fond of her is no news to me. I could perceive it the very first night. I know, too, that Mimili has no dis-

like to you. With your person, sir, I have no fault to find; and from what you have said respecting your circumstances, I infer that you can support a wife, even though she brought you nothing, which, thank God! is not the case here. At the same time, sir, your love for the girl is two days old; I have loved her these sixteen years. You must be aware that it would be painful to me to part from my only darling, to see her cross the mountains to your country, and to stay here alone with my herds till God shall please to take me. He has blessed my Alps, so that, were even Mimili to give me a son-in-law without a shilling, there would still be sufficient here to maintain both. I have always clung with peculiar fondness to the idea that Mimili would abide with me in my declining years, and close my eyes: you overthrow my plan; for the wife ought to follow the husband, and I cannot expect you to remain here, for you belong to your country and your king. Still I am ready to sacrifice the dearest wishes of my heart; when I am satisfied that God hath chosen you for my girl, I will not stand in the way of your happiness. In your country there are excellent people, whom I love and respect, and who will no doubt be kind to Mimili. I will

visit you there; you shall come hither, and bring my grandchildren along with you; and thus our parting will not be so painful as it would otherwise prove. And when I am no more, and you are grown older, and your strength declines, so that you can no longer be useful to your country, then you and Mimili may settle here with your family, and calmly await your last hour, because I should not like my Alps to be transferred to strangers; and it is much better, I should think, to die in one of our peaceful dales than in a great city. This, sir, is what I have already been thinking; only I am not sure that you are the man whom God has destined for my girl. Mimili has never seen any one but you. Perhaps it is on this account that she loves you. Go, therefore, in peace. There are in our canton and in those adjoining to it many young men of respectable families, to one or the other of whom I could have no objection as a suitor for the maiden. I will consult my old neighbour on the matter; Mimili shall have opportunities of seeing and becoming acquainted with them; and if at the expiration of a year her affection for you remains unchanged, and you return to demand her, I will with pleasure give my blessing to your union. But now, sir,

your hand and your word of honour, that you will neither acquaint Mimili with the subject of this conversation, nor seek to obtain any promise from her, that she may not consider herself engaged to you, but remain free, as a Swiss maiden ought, who has not plighted her troth to any man. Meanwhile I shall throw no obstacles in your way, but leave every thing to God, whose dispensations are always for the best."

I wish I had had a mirror in my hand, that I might have seen the face I made at this declaration. I am certain it must have been an immensely long one.

In prescribing a year of probation, was the father in real earnest, or was it a mere stragem to get me quietly to the other side of the mountains, and then to chaffer away Mimili's hand to some Swiss bumpkin, whom he had already *in petto*, and who could throw into the scale as many Alps and cows as the old fellow possessed?

That opposition would be of no avail, I was thoroughly convinced by his firmness. My own feelings moreover told me, that in this case importunity was not to be resorted to; that a father was by no means to blame for not giving

a daughter, like Mimili, in marriage to the first stroller that presented himself—to one with whom he had been acquainted scarcely twice twenty-four hours, and of whom he knew nothing but that his proposed son-in-law had an excellent appetite and a good income. The old man had dealings with commercial houses at Berne, and these corresponded with others in my country: it was therefore possible that he wished to make further inquiries concerning me; and knowing, as I did, that the result would not be to my disadvantage, I could not blame him for this precaution.

“It is hard,” replied I, frankly and honestly, after a short struggle with myself; “it is hard to quit Mimili till I have received her plighted troth; but such is your pleasure. A good son ought always to obey a good father. Let a hundred suitors solicit the maiden’s hand—if Mimili loves me as dearly—no, that she never can—if she loves me but half as dearly as I love her, I need not be afraid of the result. Here are my hand and my word, that I will not seek to obtain any formal promise from her behind your back; but you must assure me, on your part, that you will not give her to another till I have seen her again. If God grants me life,

I will be with you again in a year; then Mimili may decide in your presence and your good neighbour's, as befits a free Swiss girl. Will you promise this?"

The old man silently nodded assent, and gave me his hand.

"Now," continued I, "it is impossible for me to conceal from her how matters stand between us: a man ought not to have any secrets with the female to whom he purposes to consign his happiness, his children, and himself. You must therefore allow me to inform her of your intentions, and how you mean to act in regard to her during the ensuing year, and to request her not to dispose of herself till my return, at the expiration of the period which you have fixed. This is no engagement. Do you agree to this?"

After some consideration, he replied: "Be it so then! and I protest to you, that I know of none whom I should like so well for a son-in-law as you; though I must own that I cannot exactly reconcile myself to the idea of your taking my only child away from me and my native valleys."

The few days that I afterwards spent in those to me ever-memorable valleys, were days of the purest bliss. No seraphs can live more joyously,

more innocently, more happily, than I and Mimili. The old man—I must do him the justice to say—manifested the same unbounded confidence as before. He let us stroll out alone together when and where we pleased, and do in every respect just as we thought proper.

Mimili laughed heartily, and clapped her little hands, when I told her about the probationary year, and the troops of Swiss lads who would flock to her from all the neighbouring cantons.

“That will be quite a treat for me,” replied she. “I shall need a little change; for solitude, I think, will be oppressive to me when you are gone. I must be civil to all, as hospitality requires, and this is a point that father particularly insists on; but, in the character that you mean, not one of them shall come near me. Be not gloomy and melancholy before the time, my dear friend; in the hour of parting we will weep together, but till then let us be merry. This year is, after all, but a year: the sixteen that I have lived have seemed, even without you, like so many days: when I have you in my heart the time will appear still shorter; for now I have a deal—a great deal, to think about and to arrange. All that vexes me is, that in the

mean time I shall grow a whole year older; and when you come back I may perhaps not be so handsome as you now think me. Look you, sir; if that were the case, I could cry my eyes out: for to suppose you could forget me in a year, 'tis impossible—is it not, my first, my dear, my only friend, impossible? You declared that you would love me faithfully; and when you said so, you laid your hand upon your heart. I am sure you cannot deceive me. No, no; he who has risked his life for all that is most sacred to men—for truth and justice—he cannot stoop to a lie—cannot prove false to an innocent maiden—no, he cannot. It would certainly break my heart, and I should pine myself away till God called me to my poor mother, who loved truly and was truly loved in return, and who now sleeps in the peaceful grave. Don't serve me so; that would bring you no blessing!"

"No," added she, after a pause, smiling through her tears, "no, I will not doubt. I have been a silly girl. I shall sorrow after you, like my *aulis* after their mothers, when they are kept in the pens, while the mothers are gone to pasture. But you will return like them—you will certainly return; and that you will return in the same sentiments you now profess—O sir!

if you wish me to be quite easy, assure me of that with an oath. Place the three middle fingers of your right hand on my left breast, beneath which the heart of your maiden beats and will ever beat for you alone, and swear love and constancy to me, and I will put my trust in you, as in my God." Upon that pure altar of innocence, I swore love and constancy till death, and a long fervent embrace sealed the solemn oath. From that moment Mimili became in reality my bride.

At length the dreaded morning arrived. When I took leave of the father, "God be with you!" said he, pressing my hand with deep emotion, "and return at the appointed time as my son, unless meanwhile my girl change her mind; of which I should, of course, inform you. Let us hear from you frequently, and keep a pure heart in your bosom; for such alone is pleasing to the Almighty. May he conduct you safely to your own country, and bless you, and your king, and your nation, for ever and ever!"

Mimili accompanied me almost as far as Lauterbrunn. She had, during the last days, striven with all her might to appear calm and cheerful; but now her fortitude was at an end.

I perceived at breakfast that her eyes were red with weeping; and when we were taking a parting glass, she turned pale. Before she could raise her glass to her lips, she was obliged to set it down again, and burst into tears. Now she hung in silence on my arm; the pearly drops glistened on her silken lashes, as she listened to the best consolations I had to offer. We sent forward the man who carried my things, with directions to wait for me at Lauterbrunn, and seated ourselves on a mossy mass of rock in the shade of a venerable beech. She promised to have her portrait painted, and to send it to me. She begged me not to make the parting scene long, otherwise she was afraid she should be too much affected to be able to return. "My limbs will scarcely support me," said she, in broken accents, "and my heart is ready to burst. I cannot weep now; but when you are gone God will give me tears, so that I shall not be quite alone." I was myself so overpowered with the pain of parting and the grief of my beloved Mimili, that I could not find words to give vent to the feelings of my oppressed heart.

Mimili drew from the sweet recess of her chaste bosom a simple blue flower. "Take this," said she, "and let it remind you of me. We call

it *man's-truth*.* I picked it this morning at the foot of the seat where there is so much clover. And now farewell, my only love till death. God above be witness that I never will forget you! I love you more than my own life. Ah! now I can weep again. I am happy—inexpressibly happy. My eye overlooks the short space of a year, and my heart anticipates the exquisite delight of our reunion. Here the faithful maiden will await her own true lover. Now farewell, farewell!”

She sunk exhausted in my arms; she clasped me in her embrace. A long—long kiss succeeded: it was the last. I descended into the valley, and Mimili retraced her steps up the hills covered with wood, which concealed her from my view, towards her native mountains. On an open spot I beheld her once more waving her white handkerchief, kissing her hand, and extending her arms towards the valley, in allusion to our meeting again.

Thus far the story of my happy friend, in which I have no further share than the pleasure of relating it, and vexation at not having to re-

**Eryngium Alpinum*; consequently a different flower from the Forget-me-not.

late it of myself. Mimili has sent him her portrait; and since I have seen it, I forgive him for the neglect of all his old acquaintance since his return from Switzerland, and for being able to think and talk of nothing but his Mimili.

The letters with which she gratifies him every week are always very long; some passages, which he has read me as a mark of especial favour, confirm what he had previously told me of her childlike simplicity, her excellent understanding, her delicate sensibility, and her literary and scientific attainments, to which, between ourselves, I was rather loath to give credit. Thus what he said, for example, concerning her botanical knowledge, and her acquaintance with the ancient classics, seemed to me to be gratuitous embellishment; but I have seen with my own eyes, in her letters, specimens of flowers, which she transmitted to my friend, that her doubts relative to their names might be solved by our botanists. I have also seen in them highly appropriate quotations from Homer and Virgil, and particularly from Ovid, with reference to the pain occasioned by their separation; so that I can no longer question the veracity of his statement.

The probationary year is nearly over. Many

suitors have presented themselves from far and near. Mimili's descriptions of these wooers are unique in their kind; a vein of the keenest satire, mingled with the greatest good-nature, runs through every line. Their overtures, as might be foreseen, were all rejected; and there was now no obstacle to the accomplishment of the mutual wishes of the lovers. I had received a formal invitation to the nuptials, when the fiend broke loose from the Isle of Elba, and duty once more called my friend to the field.

Whoever feels interested in the fate of Mimili, pray for her; and whoever meanwhile visits the valley of Lauterbrunn—it is impossible to miss the lonely and scarcely beaten path which leads up on the left to her flowery Alp—and sees the lovely maiden before I do, salute her cordially from me.

Thus far I had written in May 1815.

My friend, as mentioned above, had again joined the banners of his king. Before his departure he wrote to Mimili. For the greater security, he arranged that all letters should pass through my hands. Those which I received from Mimili I had opportunities of sending to him, every week, by the couriers dispatched to

his corps; and by the same channel his reached me, to be forwarded to Mimili. The route which this correspondence had to travel was indeed very circuitous; but the direct communication between the canton of Berne and the Netherlands, where my friend William was quartered, was cut off; and thus I had the gratification of receiving many a line myself from the lovely girl. This pleasure, however, was not of long duration. Nearly at the same time letters ceased to arrive from either.

William's silence was soon accounted for in the way I had feared. The covenant of love, which chance had concluded on the mountains of Switzerland, was destined to be dissolved in the plains of Waterloo. The whole Prussian army, with our gallant old marshal at their head, had marched to meet the foe, as though death had no terrors for them. Thousands upon thousands had fallen, and among them William. Two of his friends saw him sink from his horse, his head and breast streaming with blood. The animal, also mortally wounded, reared, and in falling covered his master.

The regiment, being commanded to charge, had rushed impetuously on the guards of the Corsican. It had already broken their ranks,

and our brave fellows were cutting them down without mercy. They had no time to think of what was behind them. Prodigious masses of cavalry and horse-artillery followed to support the regiment, and such of the fallen as had not been killed outright were now trodden and trampled to death.

For days and weeks I delayed the communication of this melancholy intelligence to the unfortunate Mimili; and yet it was a duty that must be performed some time or other. At length I sat down, with a heavy heart, to write to her old neighbour, with a view that he might break the matter to her by degrees, when a letter from him was put into my hands.

Mimili was ill. Anxiety for the safety of William, from whom she had not heard so long, and grief together, had broken her heart. It was very doubtful, so the old man wrote, whether my answer would find her among the living; but yet he entreated me to communicate such information as I possessed, be it ever so unfavourable; it would serve to smooth her passage to the grave, and, of course, be a real benefit conferred on her.

That faculty of the soul which we call pre-sentiment was demonstrated in this case with

astonishing clearness. Mimili knew for certain, according to the old man's letter, that William was dead. "From the moment that hostilities commenced," he proceeded, "she ordered all the German and French newspapers that are to be procured at Berne. The best maps of France, Germany, and the Netherlands, were hung in her chamber. She followed the movements of the armies with increasing anxiety, for she perceived that they were daily approaching nearer to each other. Whenever the weather permitted, she ascended her Alp as high as she could for the snow, and turning towards the quarter where her lover then was, she poured forth the prayers of her agonized heart to that God who dwelleth high above the mountains. Here I once saw her unobserved: she loudly pronounced the name of her William, but no friendly echo returned the silver tones of her voice. 'He hears me not!' said she sorrowfully; and suppressing the tears that started into her eyes, returned to her father's lonely habitation; saluting, by the way, those spots which had witnessed the happy hours she had spent with her beloved.

"My wife, deeply grieved to see the sorrowing maiden thus pining away, found fault with

William for sacrificing the angelic creature. 'He had already done his duty,' she once began, 'and now he might have stayed at home, and let others take their turn. In a few weeks the year will be at an end; every thing is prepared and arranged; the maiden is waiting for him with throbbing heart, and instead of hastening into the arms of love, he marches away against the French banditti: no, Mimili—to be quite plain with you, I don't approve his conduct.'

" 'Do you suppose, Mrs. Trini,' replied she, eyeing my wife with evident displeasure, 'that William could have acted otherwise than he did? When the whole nation again rose with one accord; when the high and the mighty girt on their swords, to chastise the rebel crew with whom God himself is wroth; when the colours again waved, upon which my William swore to devote his blood and his life to his illustrious king; when the ends of their fluttering ribands pointed the way to where the brooks should be turned to pitch and the earth to brimstone; when old Blucher, under whom William had before fought and bled, again briskly mounted his charger, and all the maidens and matrons loudly wept the departure of those they love;—

do you imagine that William could have stayed behind? and if he had, do you suppose I should have loved and respected him as I now do? "The wife should follow the husband," says the Scripture. My home is no longer here. With those to whom William will take me, I will share joy and grief, honour and shame, prosperity and adversity. Good Mrs. Trini, yonder sit many a faithful wife, and many a virtuous maiden, with anxious hearts and wet eyes, fixed on that point to which mine are directed. I will pray to God, that when the angel of death spreads his wings over the field of battle, my William may not perish. No, he will not perish. The Almighty will hear my prayer, for I have never offended him.'

"After this reproof, my wife durst never utter another syllable in disparagement of William.

"When, however, accounts arrived of the three bloody days near Waterloo, and no letters reached her from William, the anchor of her faith was broken. Inexpressible anguish drove her to the topmost crags of the rocks, and into the most gloomy abysses: she would not confess that she had lost her confidence in God; and yet her pallid face, her look of settled melancholy, and her predilection for the profound-

est solitude, announced that her fortitude was gone. The entreaties of her father, and the consolations which my wife and I offered, were of no avail.

“ ‘Let me alone,’ said she, with cutting coldness. ‘I shall not be long in your way. That which has life perishes; that which has not, endures for ever. Such is the pleasure of Him whom short-sighted mortals name the Father of Love. Yon cold glaciers have beheld for thousands of years the omnipotence of the Eternal, and will subsist for thousands of years to come in their awful magnificence; but the faithful heart of my noble William beats no more. Tell me not, I beseech you, of the rewards of the righteous. God hath seen my ways, and remembered all my steps. There was nothing impure within me, and yet the anger of the Unsearchable presses me down to the dust, as though I were the most heinous of offenders. I weep not; for I am strong, and will bid defiance to the tempest that is bursting over me. I will be greater than my misery—William too was great. He fell for his king and country, and his name will live in the annals of his nation for ever and ever.—My breath is feeble, and my days are few. What have I here to tarry for? I

am hastening to that bourn whence no traveller returns.'

"In this state of mind she bore up for about a week, when she was seized with a violent fever, and we are now in hourly expectation of her dissolution.

"She has become tranquil and resigned. This morning she beckoned me to come to her bedside. 'Though,' said she, 'I have arraigned the dispensations of the Almighty, he hath not forsaken me: he hath inclined his ear, and listened to my prayers. My eyes grow dim—my days are numbered—the last will speedily arrive—the God of mercy will support me in my final hour. I feel perfectly easy; the night of death has for me no terrors. The Alps will soon glow, and the sun, the moon, and the stars, shine far—far beneath me; and I shall rejoin my dear mother and my William, and on his bosom enjoy the transports of love to all eternity. Amen! amen!' added she faintly, folding her hands, and dissolving in tears."

"Amen! amen!" I repeated, not with dry eyes, after the lovely sufferer, and dispatched my letter, with the melancholy intelligence of the death of my gallant friend to Mimili's wor-

thy neighbour. In about a month I received one, the direction of which was in his handwriting. I had not the heart to break the seal. I knew perfectly well the purport of its contents—Mimili's last hours, the anguish of her agonized father, and the affliction of their old friend and his wife.

Angry with fate for summoning away such a being as Mimili in the flower of life, and doom-ing so amiable a creature as my friend William, in the prime of manhood, to the most deplorable death, I at length opened the letter, and read as follows :—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“You will take it for granted that I am by this time among the angels in heaven; but I am still in my lovely Switzerland, and happier than any of the angels, for William lives in my arms.”

I know not how it happened, but my eyes were brimful when I took up the letter and broke the seal; the writing seemed to swim before me, so that I could not believe my senses when I beheld these lines, and at the end of the long epistle the name of Mimili plainly subscribed.

Trembling with joy, I wiped the tears from

my eyes, and ran hastily over the letter;—it was actually so—Mimili and William were both alive and well.

William's story was very brief. He knew not what had befallen him immediately after his wound, excepting that he had lain bleeding profusely, and quite insensible, under his horse. It was the middle of the night before he came to himself. His first question to a wounded comrade who lay next to him was, whether the enemy were beaten? and when this was answered by a cheering "Yes," he inquired which way they had fled? "Towards Paris," answered an unfortunate fellow-sufferer, whose legs had been shot off. It was not till then that he became sensible, with gratitude to the Almighty, that he had still both his legs: his right hand was lamed by the fall; he had a sabre wound in his head, a ball in his breast, and Mimili in his heart.

As soon as he was able to rise, he turned off to the left, with the intention of making the best of his way to Switzerland, that he might be nursed by Mimili. He proceeded twelve miles that night, and in the morning sunk down exhausted near a small town. A miller passed with his team. William mustered his last re-

mains of strength and self-possession to offer the man all the money he had about him, if he would convey him to Unterseen, in the canton of Berne, intending to be forwarded on horseback from that place to Mimili's Alp. The miller, after some demur and calculation, assented, and William's senses again forsook him.

"From this time," continues Mimili, in her letter, "William knew nothing, but that he was carried a long, infinitely long way, in a waggon, the bottom of which was covered with straw; that he was pitied by strange faces; and that his wounds were dressed by unfeeling surgeons. Whether his insensibility was owing to fever, or to excessive loss of blood, or to the particular effect of the wound in the head, he cannot tell: in short, he has no distinct idea of what happened to him; he only knows thus much, that when he came a little to himself, he found that he was not in the arms of his Mimili, but in a bed at Freiburg, in Breisgau, belonging to a humane man, in whose care the miller had left him, because he could not be conveyed farther without the greatest danger. The Freiburger and his wife and family treated the stranger like the compassionate Samaritan. William, after a long struggle, recovered, and

proceeded to Thun; whence he crossed the lake, and hastened to the abode of his faithful Mimili.

“The same day that our good neighbour last wrote to you,” continued she, “I lay in tranquil expectation of my release from this world. It grew dusk—the gloom of the grave encompassed me—I had taken leave of my father, and closed my eyes—the chill of death pervaded my whole frame—my soul longed to wing its flight to happier regions, and in a sort of trance I beheld the dawn of everlasting glory, when I heard his voice. He called me softly by my name. I imagined that I had already quitted a world which had no charms for me, and that an angel had brought my William to meet and welcome me at the gates of celestial bliss.

“But again he pronounced my name; his voice was of earthly tone, and I felt the soft kisses of his warm lips on my cold hand. My eyes opened—I awoke from my swoon—William was kneeling by my bed, and big tears trickled down his pale cheeks. Ah, sir! no language can describe what I felt at this sight. ‘She lives!’ he exclaimed, clasping me in his arms; and I raised myself up, but could not speak for astonishment and joy. All I could do

was to strain him to my heart, the suspended pulsations of which began to be renewed, and tears, the most delicious I ever shed, trickled from my eyes. But the excess of my felicity was too great—my feelings were too overpowering—joy threw me into—I know not what else to call it, than a heavenly trance. With his image in my mind, I slumbered, as it were, in a state between life and death; and on awaking from it, my senses returned—the crisis of my disorder was past—God had cured me by means of William.

“William, when he arrived, was yet ill and weak; but I shall soon make him well again. He has obtained leave of absence till his complete recovery. Peace is concluded, and I shall not suffer him to leave our mountains till I accompany him.

“He would write to you himself, only he cannot yet hold a pen in his right hand. The ball, which entered between two ribs and lodged in the chest, was extracted at Freiburg; the wound in the head was the more dangerous of the two, but it is healing from day to day, and the scar will not disfigure him. His very paleness becomes him well; he is grown mild and gentle; and as a husband, I shall not like him the worse

for that, for he was formerly sometimes rather too wild and unmanageable.

“He desires me to send you a kiss for him; but I shall reserve that till I can give it to you in person.

“You must absolutely come to the wedding, which is fixed for next Ascension day. William tells me that you are an excellent companion and his oldest friend; be sure then to come, or you will exceedingly disappoint William and

MIMILI.”

On Ascension-day my friend accordingly received, at the altar, the hand of his Mimili; but the gratification which I had promised myself of attending the nuptials was prevented by my official duties. At this moment (October 1816), the young couple still reside on Mimili's native Alp; and the father—but this between ourselves—has requested me to provide, through the medium of one of my female friends, who understands such matters better than I do, an assortment of the most elegant baby-linen that can possibly be procured.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1824

MAGGY O' BUCCLEUCH

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD

AIR—Days of Yore.

O CAM' ye through the forests green,
By Yarrow's mountains wild an blue;
O saw ye beauty's rural queen,
The bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch!
For Maggy is the bonniest flower
On Yarrow braes that ever grew,
That ever graced a vernal bower,
Or frae the gowan brushed the dew.

But O! it's no her comely face,
Nor blink o' joy that's in her ee,
Nor her enchanting form o' grace,
That maks the lassie dear to me;
Na, na, it's no the cherry lip,
The rosy cheek an lily chin,
Which the wild bee wad like to sip—
'T is the sweet soul that dwells within.

I hae been up the cauldride north,
'Mang hills an dells o' frozen brine,
As far as reels the rowin earth,
An far ayont the burning line;
But a' the lasses e'er I saw,
For modest mien an lovely hue,

There was na ane amang them a'
Like bonny Maggy o' Buccleuch.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1832

SPRING

BY JOHN CLARE

Now that the Spring the quickening earth
espouses,

And nature's feathered folk keep holiday,
Each with sweet song in bush and tree carouses;

Who would not from dull cities flee away,
From smoke enveloped streets, and gloomy
houses,

To fields, where forth health's merry maidens
fare,

To milk their red cows, and when that be done,
To spend in sport the time they have to
spare,

Pressing the gold locks of the enamoured sun,
On pleasant banks, with young love toying
there?

And whoso wisheth for a blest estate,

That in the golden mean would fear no fall,
Need neither wish to be, or rich, or great,

While a poor milk-maid lives, enjoying all.

From THE AMULET, 1828

AUTUMN

BY JOHN CLARE

ME it delights, in mellow Autumn tide,
To mark the pleasaunce that mine eye
surrounds:
The forest-trees like coloured posies pied;
The uplands' mealy grey and russet grounds:
Seeking for joy, where joyaunce most abounds;
Not found, I ween, in courts and halls of
pride,
Where folly feeds, or flattery's sights and
sounds,
And with sick heart but seemeth to be merry:
True pleasaunce is with humble food supplied,
Like shepherd swain, who plucks the
bramble-berry
With savoury appetite, from hedge-row briars;
Then drops content by molehill's sunny side,
Proving, thereby, low joys and small desires
Are easiest fed and soonest satisfied.

From THE AMULET, 1828

WOMAN'S LOVE

BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB

DID ever a man a woman love
And listen to her flattery,
Who did not soon his folly prove,
And mourning rue her treachery?

For were she fair as orient beams,
That gild the cloudless summer skies,
Or innocent as virgin's dreams,
Or melting as true lovers' eyes,

Or were she pure as falling dews,
That deck the blossoms of the spring,
Still, man, thy love she would misuse,
And from thy breast contentment wring.

Then trust her not though fair and young,
Man has so many true hearts grieved,
That woman thinks she does no wrong,
When she is false and he deceived.

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1830

A LETTER FROM LORD BYRON

TO A FRIEND

Genoa, November, 1822

MY DEAR ———,

I HAVE finished the twelfth canto of Don Juan, which I will forward when copied. With the sixth, seventh, and eighth in one volume, and the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth in another, the whole may form two volumes, of about the same size as the two former. There are some good things in them, as perhaps may be allowed. Perhaps one volume had better be published with one publisher, and the other with another; it would be a new experiment: or one in one month, and another in the next; or both at once. What thinkest thou?

Murray, long after the "piracies," offered me a thousand pounds (guineas) a canto for as many as I might choose to write. He has since departed from this proposal, for it was too much, and I would not take advantage of it.

You must, however, use your own judgment with regard to the MSS. and let me know what you propose; presuming always (what may at last be but a presumption) that the seven new

cantos are, on the whole, equal to the five former.

Suppose Hunt, or somebody else, were to publish one canto a week, upon the same size and paper, to correspond with the various former editions?—but this is merely as a vision, and may be very foolish, for aught I know.

I have read the defence of Cain, which is very good; who can be the author? As to myself I shall not be deterred by any outcry; your present public hate me, but they shall not interrupt the march of my mind, nor prevent me from telling those who are attempting to trample on all thought, that their thrones shall yet be rocked to their foundations. It is Madame de Stael who says, “that all talent has a propensity to attack the strong.” *I* have never flattered—whether it be or be not a proof of talent.

I have just seen the illustrious * * * who came to visitate me here. I had not seen him these ten years. He had a black wig, and has been made a knight for writing against the queen. He wants a diplomatic situation, and seems likely to want it.

He found me thinner even than in 1813; for

since my late illness at Lerici, on my way here, I have subsided into my more meagre outline, and am obliged to be very abstinent by medical advice, on account of liver and what not.

But to the point—or at least my point in mentioning this new chevalier. Ten years ago I lent him a thousand pounds on condition that he would not go to the Jews; he took the moneys, and went to the Jews. Now, as Mr. ——— is a purchaser of bonds, will he purchase this of me? or will any body else, at a discount?

I have been invited by the Americans on board of their squadron here, and received with the greatest kindness, and rather *too much* ceremony. They have asked me to sit for my picture to an American artist now in Florence. As I was preparing to depart, an American lady took a rose which I wore, from me, and said that she wished to send something which I had about me to America. They showed me, too, American editions of my poems, and all kinds of attention and good-will.

I also hear that, as an author, I am in high request in Germany. All this is some compensation for the desertion of the English.

Would you write a German line to Goëthe for me, explaining the omission of the dedica-

tion to "Sardanapalus," by the fault of the publisher, and asking his permission to prefix it to the forthcoming volume of Werner and the Mystery.

Are you quite well yet? I hope so. I am selling two more horses, and dismissing two superfluous servants. My horses now amount to *four*, instead of *nine*: and I have arranged my establishment on the same footing. So you perceive that I am in earnest in my frugalities.

Yours ever affectionately,

N. B.

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1830

THE LILY*

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

FAIR spirit, say, art thou *indeed* of earth,
Or some creation of the painter's mind?
Thou seem'st too pure for one of mortal birth,
With that calm glance, so pensive, yet resigned.

*See Frontispiece.

Art thou some saint by sorrow purified,
Exiled too long from heaven, thy native
sphere?

But no; those cheeks look not as if e'er dyed
By shame's red blush, or passion's burning
tear.

Yes! thou art fair and holy; and thy brow
Wears the bright impress of unsullied youth;
The flower thou bear'st is not more pure than
thou,
Adorned with native innocence and truth.

Meet emblem is that flower, fair girl, of thee;
Fair and unspotted, like thy face and mind,
Thy mother's* beauty in that face we see—
Oh, may we in thy soul her virtues find!

*The Lady Charlotte Bury.

From THE AMULET, 1835

THE HOUSEHOLD SPANIEL

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF GENE-
VIEVE," &c.

POOR Oscar! how feebly thou crawl'st to the
door,

Thou, who wert all beauty and vigour of yore;
How slowly thou stealest the sunshine to find,
And thy straw-sprinkled pallet—how crippled
and blind!

Thy hairs now are silver'd, thou hearest my
voice,

And thy slow-wagging tail says thou yet canst
rejoice;

But how different art thou from the Oscar of
old,

So sleek and so gamesome, so swift and so bold!

At sunrise I waken'd to hear thy loved bark,
With the coo of the house-dove, the song of the
lark;

And out to the green fields 'twas ours to repair,
When bright was the blue sky and fresh was
the air.

How then thou wouldst gambol and start from
my feet,

To scare the wild birds from the sylvan retreat;
Or plunge in the smooth stream, and bring to
my hand

The twig, or the wild flower, I threw from the
land.

On the moss-sprinkled stone if I sat for a space,
Thou wouldst cower on the greensward and
look in my face;

In wantonness pluck up the blooms in thy
teeth,

And toss them in ether, or tread them beneath.

Then I was a schoolboy all thoughtless and
free,

And thou wert a whelp full of gambol and
glee;

Now dimm'd is thine eyeball, and gray is thy
hair;

And I am a man, doom'd to thought and to
care.

Thou bring'st to my mind all the pleasures of
youth,

When Hope was the mistress, not handmaid, of
Truth;

When Earth look'd an Eden, when Joy's sunny
hours
Were cloudless, and Life's path besprinkled
with flowers.

Now summer is fading, soon tempest and rain
Shall harbinger desolate winter again;
And thou, all unable the cold to withstand,
Shalt die when the snow-flakes fall white o'er
the land.

Then thy grave shall be dug 'neath the old
cherry-tree,
And in spring-time 'twill shed down its
blossoms on thee;
So, when a few fast-fleeting seasons are o'er,
Thy faith and thy love shall be thought of no
more.

Then all who caress'd thee and loved shall be
laid,
Life's pilgrimage o'er, in the tomb's dreary
shade;
Other steps shall be heard on these floors, and
the past
Like a shadow be quite from the memory cast.

Improvements will follow; old walls be thrown
down;

Old trees be removed, when old masters are
gone;

And the gardener, when delving, shall marvel
to see

White bones where once blossom'd the old
cherry-tree.

Frail things! could we read but the objects
around,

In the meanest some deep-lurking truth might
be found,

Some type of our weakness, some warning to
show

How uncertain the sands are we build on
below!

Our fathers have pass'd, and are laid in the
mould;

Year presses on year, and the young become
old:

Time, though a stern teacher, is partial to
none;

And the friends whom we love pass away one
by one!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1827

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER

BY MRS. HEMANS

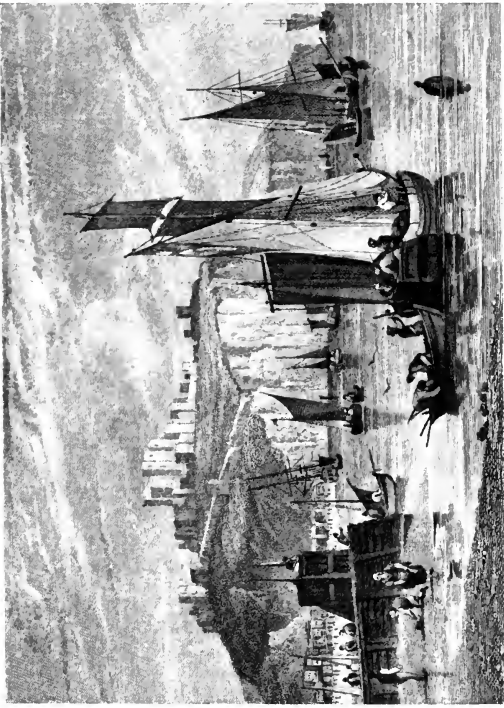
Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heights array;
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,
The sever'd land of home!

I have left sunny skies behind
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way,
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
Hath sooth'd me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious; yet again
I bless thee, land of home!





For thine the Sabbath peace, my land;
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze;
Their steps are on thy plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whisper'd round thy fanes:

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;—
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1827

THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE

BY DELTA

It is impossible for man to tell
What things in nature are impossible,
Or out of nature; or to prove to whom,
Or for what purposes, a ghost may come.

CRABBE.

“Now, nurse, I won’t go to bed, unless you promise to tell us a story; something about old castles, or about witches, or about ghosts—or about any thing you like, nurse, so that it be a frightful story,” said little George, in an earnest tone, untying his shoe, and addressing himself to Mrs. Margery.

“I never heard the like of you, George,” whined out his brother Philip; “you are always for that sort of thing. No, no, nurse, never mind him;—let us have something funny,—something to make us laugh. Mind, I won’t go to bed any more than he, if you don’t: he shan’t always have his will. Do you hear that now:” and the spoiled urchin gave his head a most significant shake.

“Nursey, nursey!” bawled out Jack, the youngest and last, but by no means least important personage of the triumvirate, “I will

neither take off a stitch of my clothes, nor let you undress me, mind that; unless you do as George bids you, and tell us a nice, horrible little story about ghosts or robbers."

"Well, be good boys," answered the besieged Mrs. Margery, who was allowed to exercise a very limited degree of authority over the indulged and froward imps; "be good boys, and get into bed, and I will tell you one of my best stories."

"Now it must be a frightful one," ejaculated George and Jacky in one breath.

"Very well, it shall be so; and we shall have a droll one to-morrow evening, Philip,—will that do?"

"Yes, it will do; but see that you don't forget your promise, Mrs. Margery."

"Believe me, I shan't forget. Now you are all in bed. But, George, that is not your night-cap," added Margery, taking one of her own caps from his head, and handing him the right one. "Lie all down, like good boys."

"We are all ready now," cried Jacky; "why don't you begin, nurse? Let it be a terrible one."

"Give me a moment—give me a moment; let me snuff the candle, mend the fire, get my

needle threaded, and my seam on my lap—”

“And then we shall be all asleep;—ha, ha, ha!—a very clever one!”

“A moment’s patience then. Do you hear how the wind is whistling?—It would be an awful thing to be out travelling alone in this dark night!”

“Now, now, nurse! do give us our story; we don’t mind the wind;” was the immediate rejoinder of the impatient trio.

“Hear how the rain is rattling against the panes!—Dear me! what was that came flap, flap, against the window!—I dare say it was one of the young ravens, falling down from the old tower:—I don’t like these birds.—Witches always keep ravens about them, and talk to them, and the birds in due time learn their ways, and are alive to all their doings, which are wicked, and for no good. I recollect, when I was a young girl—that is long, long ago,—”

“That cannot be so very long, long ago. You know you told us, only the other night, that you was not forty yet;” said George, interrupting her, with considerable archness.

Mrs. Margery coughed, and proceeded:—
“not a very great while, to be sure; but not yesterday either. Well, I mind about a raven,

with a little bell tied to its foot, which went in among the ruins of an old—”

“Never mind the ravens,” bawled George angrily; “do you think, you old witch, we will lie here to listen to you and your ravens. I shall get out of bed immediately, if you do not tell us our story, and begin at the beginning. See! here goes,” added he, throwing down the bed-clothes.

“Stop!—stop!” cried nurse, rising hastily; “lie down, like a sweet fellow, and I will begin in a moment.”

“Do so, then,” mumbled Jack, who had started to his elbow, “or, mind you now, we shall all get up:—do you hear that, nursey?”

“Very well, then; I shall begin at the beginning.”

“There was an old woman who lived in a small cottage on the edge of a forest. She was infirm, and bent down with age; and, though she had no other help in the world, poverty compelled her to part with her only daughter, who was taken into a great old manor-house,—just like this of our own,—to be the companion and attendant of her master’s eldest daughter.

“Her mother had been attentive to her during her tender years, and had brought her up

in the dread of sin, giving her much good advice and instructing her in the knowledge of the bible: so the poor girl knew that it was the will of Providence she should separate from her mother; and, though she did so with a heavy heart, she restrained her tears, in the hope that time would accommodate her to her situation, and that her earnings might add to the comforts of her parent's declining age. In a short time, by the sweetness of her temper,—for she was a kind, affectionate creature,—and by many amiable and friendly offices, she became a great favourite with every one in the house.”

“Now, now we see what you would be at,” cried George; “can’t you say at once she was a very good girl, and get on. We see that plain enough, so if you please—”

“You are always in a hurry, George; but just as you like.—Well, then; there was another young woman in the house, who was, like the rest, most kindly disposed towards Mary, until she found out that Mary’s beauty had decoyed away her lover’s heart from her; and then, though Mary did not know what had happened, nor could have prevented it if she had known, she hated her with a bitter hatred. Her sweetheart was the son of a small farmer, who lived

about a mile from the manor, on the eastern side of the policy; and he came frequently of an evening to spend a cheerful hour by the great hall fire, as he said he was fond of music. Ah! those were the hospitable days;—those were the days of toasted cakes and foaming ale!—but one may like music for all that. So Jacob, the old coachman,—I remember Jacob, he had grown grey in the service, and very fat; for, poor old soul, he had nothing to do but ride behind my lady, through the grounds, on sunny forenoons, and make of himself what he liked for the rest of the day. The last time he ever mounted the coach-box was on his master's return from London; and, the night being dark, Jacob had remained too long by the inn fire-side to see clear; so it fell out that the carriage was upset, and Jacob was found on the other side of the hedge against which he had driven them. His son ever afterwards drove for him; but Jacob was often heard to say, after telling all his wonderful feats, that the days of driving were now over. But he had still an amusement wherewith to console him. Oh, how he would sit with his knees crossed, and his head awry, scraping, for hours and hours, on the old violin, till every heart was glad, and the very

roof rung! Poor Jacob! he was a good-natured fellow.

“But to return to my tale. The young farmer loved music, may be, well enough, and that was a good errand; but he loved Ellen the housemaid better, with her black bright eye and blue rose-knots: and, as she was fond of music too, she used always to come, as if by chance, and stand with her hand shading her face, by the side of the great roaring fire, right opposite to where young Hodges the farmer was sitting; so she couldn’t help sometimes looking in his face, nor he in hers, till both fell deeply in love. Ah! boys, if you knew what it was to be in love!”—and here Mrs. Margery fetched a deep sigh.

“What are you groaning at, nurse?—pray get on.”

“It was now towards the end of harvest; and, on fine moonlight nights, Farmer Hodges had more than once persuaded Ellen to take a stroll with him down the old chestnut-tree avenue; and, as they sauntered kindly together, he whispered many sweet things into her ear, which she would afterwards lie down and dream about. But the fine moonlight nights came and passed away, while Ellen was hoping and hoping,—and, alas! in vain. Hodges seemed even to

shun her—at least she thought so—nor ever opened his lips to her but when he could not help it. No doubt she must have felt it severely, for it is a sore thing, boys, to be slighted,—mind that you never slight your sweethearts when you get them! So Ellen would sometimes contrive to throw herself in his way, amid the clustering trees, but he never spake to her more than a civil word in passing. She grew very dull, and delighted to sit by herself, moping and cheerless; and when she heard Mary, at her work, singing away like a linnet on a sunny morning, she would almost fret herself into a fever. Her very heart was changed, and she became an altered creature. Her temper, which was pleasant, and rather kind, grew sullen and sour; so that, observing in the course of time that the same things were going on, and that matters did not mend, she was rendered desperate. Her good looks forsook her, her cheek was sunk, and the wildness in her eyes, oh! it was terrible to look upon.—Mary, poor soul, listened to the warm speeches of Hodges, for he was madly in love with her, and would have given every thing in the world to have made her his wife; but she never knew, had never heard, of his courting Ellen, before she came to

be a servant; so she told all her secrets to her rival, with the hope of amusing her in her ill-health, and even asked for her advice in the matter.

“One evening, however, strange to say, Mary was a-seeking, and no one knew where to find her. She had been home, on the day before, to tell her mother of the change which was shortly to take place in her situation; and how a kind Providence had put it into her power to be of use to her, as Hodges had agreed to take her home to live with them, after their marriage. The preliminaries had been settled: Sir William agreed to dispense with Mary’s services; and the young ladies, in testimony of their regard for her, had made her sundry little presents, which they considered might prove useful to her. The banns were to have been proclaimed in the neighbouring church on the Sunday following; and every thing was in a fair train for making poor Mary the wife of a loving husband. But, as I told you before, on the Friday evening she was a-seeking, and none knew aught about her. The night was comfortless and gloomy, something like this, but without rain; and the winds, blowing hard from the east, made a dreary noise among the trees; for there

was a great deal of wood around the house.

“Hodges came in the evening, as he was accustomed to do, to inquire for his young and blooming bride; but how he was shocked to be told that she was off, like a leaf torn from the tree whereon it grew, and whirled away none knew whither. He was like one distracted. He went to and fro, in an agony of perturbation, and almost gasping for breath, while only the pride of his being a man kept the tears from bursting from his eyes, as his friends vainly endeavoured to console him. Every inquiry was made after Mary, but without effect; and, when almost midnight, he set out alone through the woods, towards the cottage of her mother. Heedless of the darkness, the loneliness, or the wind, he hurried away until he had got clear of the trees; but when he knocked up the old woman from her sleep, and asked her concerning her child, her knees tottered, and she fell back into her wicker arm-chair, weeping, and crying out in anguish—‘It is as my heart dreaded,—but the will of Heaven be done! It has come, not without warning, this awful dispensation! All night I have heard the ticking of the death-watch!—it is even as my heart foreboded. Ay! the four magpies too,—what caused

them to fly across my window? It is death—death—death!—Well do I know that. I shall never see Mary,—I shall never shake the hand of my child again! What will become of me!”—and with that she pressed her hands to her eyes, and wept as if her old heart would break.

“Hodges was too much shocked to think of comforting her, and out again he rushed, and back through the forest. The stream came roaring down, but he waded recklessly through it, though, by so doing, he ran the greatest risk of being swept away along with it. He saw the lights over the trees, and made direct for the manor, through ditch and over hedge, till he stood near the orchard gate.”

“Then he was not drowned?” asked Philip, pulling the curtain aside, and popping his head from beneath the bed-clothes. “I shouldn’t like to see a drowned man:—his face would be all sucked and wrinkled like old Nancy the washerwoman’s hands.”

“No:—he climbed the rocks on the opposite side, and forcing his way through the brambles and underwood, gained the postern-door, by which you pass through the orchard into the house. His hand was upon the lock, when a sudden terror came over his heart.—his knees

trembled,—and a cold sweat broke out over his face. He turned round,—and saw a figure, in white, under a tree: something told him it was Mary's ghost, but so great was his fear that he had no power to speak to it. At length he tried to step forward,—but nothing was to be seen, or heard, save the dreary sough of the wind among the trees.—On going to the room where Mary used to sleep, all her clothes were found, save a few articles of apparel. The things she had thrown off in the morning were still lying on a chair, and her Sunday-bonnet was hanging on a peg in the corner. No one knew what to think.

“Next day some labourers, returning from their work in the fields, discovered some traces of her. By the side of the road, at the place where the water runs out from the policy, there was a long wooden bridge, at one end of which a shawl, belonging to Mary, was found lying on the grass. But this was all. The river was dragged, and the woods were searched, but no other token of Mary, dead or alive, was discovered. Weeks and months passed on; and at length every one thought that she had been drowned, and her body hurried out to sea.

“All in the manor-house were grieved, for

they all loved Mary, excepting Ellen, to be sure, as I have said; and poor Hodges grew an altered man. He did not seem to care any longer about his farm. Every thing he saw around him only rendered him more miserable. If he had been sure that Mary was dead, her loss would scarcely have afflicted him so keenly; but the mystery which hung over her fate sank him in deeper and deeper dejection. At length he determined to leave his country, and enlisted into a regiment that was going over the sea. Poor fellow! he was never heard of more. Many were the battles that were fought abroad, and many, and many were killed, but his name was never known to be among them. I dare say he died long ago, whether he was killed or not; for no one lives on to see grey hairs who has a breaking heart."

"Poor Hodges!" said Philip, somewhat affected, "I am sorry for poor Hodges. No doubt he would have married Mary, and taken care of her old mother. But was it really a ghost he saw?"

"Have patience a moment, child, and you shall hear all I know about it. But let us speak a little lower, for I am afraid we may waken Jacky,—and that would be a pity."

“Never fear, nurse,” cried George impatiently; “let the brat sleep or wake as he chooses; but pr’ythee go on with your story. What more about the ghost?”

“A good deal more. But first let me tell you that, when all agreed that Mary was dead, Sir William gave a sweet little cottage to her mother, that she might live comfortably in her old age: and I dare say she was as happy as the unaccountable loss of her daughter would allow her to be, for all her neighbours were very kind to her.

“In a short time after the disappearance of Mary, everything at the old manor seemed to be going to wrack. The servants whispered to each other strange things; and gave up their places. Scarcely any one would venture out after dark. The chambers, which before looked full of comforts, with their rich old paintings, and carved frames,—with their gilded high-backed chairs, and their squares of Arras tapestry, now seemed lonely, dismal, and gloomy. The very trees around appeared to have grown darker and drearier, while the noises, which the winds made at night among their boughs, were likened to what was unearthly. The yelling of a hound from the neigh-

bouring kennel made the bravest start, and hold his breath;—ah, children you needn't laugh, no person at the old manor thought it a laughing matter.

“I have already told you that the hall was formerly a cheery place, where they used all to meet at night, and amuse themselves, fiddling, dancing, singing, and telling old stories; but now, scarce any one went near it; and when they did they crowded round the fire, not caring for one another, and seemed to wish themselves any where, rather than where they were.

“Miss Lucy—ah! boys she was a pretty girl when I first knew her,—what a neck! and what fingers!—Well, she had always been a good friend of Mary's, and very very kind to her. So, to be sure, was also Miss Caroline; but to Miss Lucy the thing happened.

“It was on a winter evening, and the moon had a wild and watery look. The wind came driving against the old gable with a loud noise, and whistled through every chink, and open seam. The tall chimneys bellowed like thunder; the leaves whirled round in eddies, below every angle of the building; and the clouds drifted from east to west, like mighty armies flying from a field of battle. Miss Lucy had been

sitting alone reading, when the turret clock, striking twelve, warned her to retire, and think of sleep. Suddenly a great slap came against the wainscot, which made her start. She turned round, but saw nothing. I should not like to have been in her place at such an hour, for it was a high apartment, almost separated from the body of the building, which she could not reach without wandering through a long, dark passage, and down a flight of steps. It never occurred to her, that she might bring the servants to her assistance by ringing her bell; or, if it did, she was unwilling to disturb any one, the whole family having retired to rest. Besides, it might have looked foolish for her to have called up people from their beds, merely to tell them she had heard a noise; so she proceeded to undress herself, for she would not keep her maid up,—ah! she was a considerate, as well as a lovely creature,—when, casting her eyes up to the great mirror, she saw something like a white handkerchief waving over her head. What could she now do?—her heart was failing within her, and her knees tottered; strength being scarcely left her to throw herself down into a chair. The candle burned dimly, and the apartment looked dreary and deso-

late; so she still thought that she was only troubled with a nervous terror. She rallied her spirits, snuffed the candle, which diffused around a more cheerful light; and, endeavouring to sing to herself a snatch of some old tune, she prepared for bed.

"She had lain in the dark for some time, before any thing extraordinary happened. All was quiet, save the wind rumbling in the large chimneys, and the roaring noise of the trees around the house."

"You frighten me, nurse," said Philip. "Pray George don't be pulling the clothes off from me.—And what did she see?"

"She saw something that almost froze the blood in her veins. Without the door being opened, a white figure glided in, and sate down in a chair opposite the bed. The pale moonlight found a passage between the chinks of the shutters; and lay in scattered lines of light upon the floor. Miss Lucy gazed, and gazed—and her hair stood on end with terror;—her tongue became parched;—she tried to speak, but could not, whilst the figure, mournfully moving its head from side to side, kept its eyes fixed upon her. At length it rose up, and beckoned her to follow, for it seemed as if it wished Miss Lucy

to speak to it; but she could neither rise nor speak, for she was weaker than a new-born babe; so it put its fingers as it were to its lips, as if to enjoin silence; and, while she looked, and looked at it, she saw at length only the moonlight streaming through the shutters; and, at the same moment, the turret clock struck one.

"It was a long, long time before Miss Lucy closed an eyelid; and the breakfast bell had rung before she awoke, pale, feverish, and unrefreshed. She told no one of what she had seen and heard; but her looks indicated that something extraordinary had happened to her. She never slept alone afterwards.

"On another occasion, when the groom was going to get his pails filled at the well, he saw a figure standing by the pump; and his terror being greater than his curiosity, he threw away the empty buckets, took to his heels, and did not halt until he had bolted the stable door behind him. Joe was never again caught out after dark without a lantern."

"Nurse," cried George, "I wish you would snuff the candle, the place is looking dark; and give the fire a poke. Oh dear! what noise was that?"

"Oh! it was only I knocked over the tongs.

Shall I go on still?" rejoined Dame Margery.

"I don't know," said George, hesitatingly. "Perhaps—"

"No perhappes, nurse," cried the undaunted Philip; "let us have the whole of your story. We know now that they saw ghosts every night—and were terribly frightened—and never spoke to them. What came next, nurse?"

"The thing that came next, and now we are drawing near to a close, was the falling ill of Ellen the housemaid. She had left her place, and gone home to her friends: she was in great danger, and at times grew delirious, saying wild and frightful things, which made all who heard her shudder. Even from the first, the doctors had small hopes of her, but she became weaker and weaker; and it was plain that she was not long for this world.

"According to her desire, the minister of the village was sent for, as she wished to speak with him alone; and, when he came, he sate down by her bedside.

"The man of God held up his hand in horror, at the confession which she made to him. He then called in her friends; and they all knelt down in prayer at her bedside. When they arose, they looked at Ellen, but she was dead, with

her hands clasped upon her bosom, and her fingers pointing upwards.

"The minister alighted, on the next day, at the gate of the manor; and, having found Sir William, made the whole story known to him."

"And pray what was it, nurse? Come, be quick now, you are always so tedious," said George. "It is better, I am sure, to come to the point at once."

"To be sure, nurse," echoed Philip, "you like to keep us from sleeping. You wish to finish that large seam, we know well enough, mind that; and you are just afraid to sit by yourself, lest something bad should come, and whisk you away."

"Very well, children, I have just done. Ellen had confessed on her death-bed, that she was the murderer of Mary. Having seen that Mary's fair face had stolen away the heart of her lover from her, she hated her bitterly, and sought her destruction.

"The manor-house had, long ago, in the troublesome times of England, been a kind of castle, having places for cannon, a moat, and a drawbridge. There were also some old vaults below ground, which had been used as dungeons in former days, but which had been

locked up for a great many years, and were full of damp and mould. A soldier had much rather have been shot at once, than have been buried alive in such a place.

“One day as the maids were about to go to the bleaching green with their baskets of wet linen, Ellen attracted the curiosity of Mary, by telling her stories about the vaults; and asking her, if she would just like to see them. They lighted a lamp, and went down the dark steps together; for the cruel Ellen had the large rusty keys in readiness. No sooner had she got her to the door, than she pushed her in, and shut the massive bolts upon her. She listened for a moment, astonished at her own wickedness, and heard a wild scream from below; but her hatred, stifling every feeling of humanity in her breast, she blew out her lamp, and hurried upwards to the light of day. Oh! was it not an awful situation for poor Mary!—What horror, and what misery must she have endured, when she cried for help hour after hour, and no one could hear her!—When she knocked and knocked at the door of her coffin—for she was only in a larger grave—and knew that earthly help was not to be expected!

“The body was found lying upon the steps;

and after it had received christian burial, no more strange sights were seen at the manor. Almost every one within the walls had, at one time or other, been haunted by the figure; but no one had possessed sufficient presence of mind either to speak to it, or follow where it led. Though all the neighbourhood was now quiet, the place never looked so pleasant as before; and, since the family forsook it for another residence, the country people will not pass it after sunset, but in pairs; and the bravest of the two is found to whistle, that he may keep up the courage of his comrade.

“Now, children, my tale is ended, and you must go to sleep.”

“Jacky and Philip are sleeping already,” said George, “but is there no more of it? Mind you now, I wish to hear it all.”

“Upon my word there is no more of it George. Go to sleep now, like a dear boy.”

“Is your seam not finished yet, nurse? The tailor can make new clothes for Jacky, and Philip, and myself, all in a week; but you women are sewing, sewing from one year’s end to the other. Pray who wears them all?”

“Now, George, you just want to teaze me. Lie still, and sleep like your brothers.”

“Sing me a song, then; some old thing or other. Not the Babes in the Wood—nor Barbara Allen—nor the Bloody Garland—nor any of that sort; in case I never sleep a wink to night.”

“Well then, any thing you please. What wouldn’t one do for a quiet life! anything to please you, child; I will sing you one that you never heard before.”

A pretty young maiden sat on the grass,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho;
And by a young shepherd lad did pass,
In the summer morning so early;
Said he, “My lass will you go with me,
My cot to keep, and my bride to be,
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
And I will love you rarely?”

“Oh! no, no, no,” the maiden said,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho;
And bashfully turned aside her head,
On the summer morning so early;
“My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green vale,
I dare not list to any such tale,
For I love my kind mother rarely.”

The shepherd took her lily-white hand,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho;
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
On that summer morning so early.
“Thy mother I ask thee not to leave
Alone in her frail old age to grieve,
But my home can hold us all, believe,
Will that not please thee fairly?”

“Oh! no, no, no, I am all too young,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho;
I dare not list to a young man’s tongue,
On a summer morning so early.”—
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go—but she never went,
And at length she fondly blushed consent;
Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

So may every maiden learn by this,
Sing heigh-ho, sing heigh-ho,—

“George, are you sleeping? Softly! no answer!
that’s well. Good-night to you all, teasing brats,
you would have plagued Job out of his wits;—
and now for my bumper of Cognac!”

From THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, 1826

THE ISLES OF THE SEA FAIRIES

BY MARY HOWITT

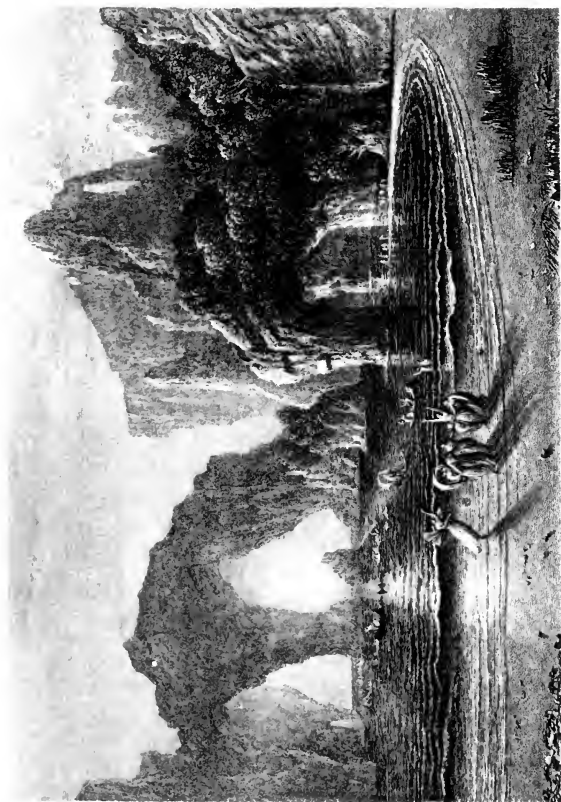
AMONG the isles of the golden mist
I lived for many a year;
And all that chanced unto me there,
'T is well that ye should hear.

I dwelt in a hall of silvery pearl,
With rainbow light inlaid;
I sate on a throne, as old as the sea,
Of the ruby coral made.

The old carbuncle lit the dome,
Where I was sworn a king;
And my crown was wrought of the pale sea gold,
And so was my fairy ring.

They made me king of the Fairy Isles
That lie in the golden mist,
Where the coral rocks, and the silvery sand,
By singing waves are kissed.

Far off, in the ocean solitudes,
They lie—a glorious seven!
Like a beautiful group of sister stars,
In the untraced heights of heaven.





Oh beautiful isles, where there comes no death,
Where no winter enters in,
And their fairy race, like the lily flowers,
Do neither toil nor spin!

Oh beautiful isles, where the coral rocks,
Like an ancient temple stand,
Like a temple of wondrous workmanship
For a lofty worship planned!

From THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, 1833

ON THE RECITATION OF "PALESTINE,"

A PRIZE POEM, BY REGINALD HEBER, IN THE
THEATRE AT OXFORD, ON THE 15TH OF JUNE, 1803

BY MISS LÆTITIA JERMYN

None who heard Reginald Heber recite his "Palestine" will ever forget his appearance. His old father was among the audience, when his son ascended the rostrum; and the sudden thunder of applause so shook his frame, weak by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Mag. v. xxii, p. 619,

HUSH'D was the busy hum; nor voice, nor
sound,

Through the vast concourse mark'd the
moment near;

A deep and holy silence breathed around,
And mute attention fix'd the listening ear;

When from the rostrum burst the hallow'd
strain,

And Heber, kindling with poetic fire,
Stood 'mid the gazing and expectant train,
And woke to eloquence his sacred lyre.

The youthful student, with emphatic tone,
(His lofty subject on his mind impress'd),

With grace and energy unrivall'd shone,
And roused devotion in each thoughtless
breast.

He sang of Palestine—that holy land,
Where saints and martyrs, and the warrior
brave,
The cross in triumph planting on its strand,
Beneath its banners sought a glorious grave.

He sang of Calvary, of his Saviour sang,
Of the rich mercies of redeeming love;
When through the crowd spontaneous plaudits
rang,
Breathing a foretaste of rewards above.

What means that stifled sob, that groan of joy?
Why fall those tears upon the furrow'd cheek?
The aged father hears his darling boy,
And sobs and tears alone his feelings speak.

From his full heart the tide of rapture flows;
In vain to stem its rapid course he tries;
He hears th' applauding shouts, the solemn
close,
And sinking, from excess of joy, he dies!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1829

YOUTH AND AGE

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

VERSE, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where HOPE clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! LIFE went a Maying
With NATURE, HOPE, and POESY,

When I was young!

When I was young! ah, woeful *when*!
Ah for the change 'twixt now and then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body, that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flashed along!
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide;
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When YOUTH and I lived in't together!
Flowers are lovely, Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree,—
O the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and LIBERTY,

Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? ah, mournful *ere*,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!

O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one—
I'll think it but a fond conceit;
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet tolled;
And thou wert aye a masker bold—
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But spring-tide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but Thought! so think I will,
That Youth and I are house-mates still!

From THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, 1828

TO MRS. HEMANS,

WITH A MOSAIC PEGASUS BROUGHT FROM ROME,
AND A LEAF OF BAY GATHERED AT THE FOUNTAIN

OF CASTALIA

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BUTLER

Too old to climb the sacred hill,
Around its base I linger still,
And send my Pegasus to try
A loftier range than I can fly.

Him, lighted on Hesperian ground,
By Tiber's yellow stream I found,
With arching neck, and floating mane,
And wings outspread for flight again.
I seized him, though control he spurned,
And from his frontlet, as he turned,
Ere from my grasp he burst away,
There dropt a leaf of Delphic bay.

Who shall receive the gift divine,
'Midst all the suppliants of the nine?
Who, but the worthiest, best, shall keep
The leaf that wav'd o'er Delphi's steep,
Plucked from the god's own Virgin tree,
And bathed in dews of Castaly?
Who, but the child of sweetest song?
To whose enraptured lays belong,
Words that the flintest heart can move,
And thoughts that angels may approve:
The tenderest grace, the magic skill
To lead the captive soul at will;
To thrill with fear, and awe to sway,
And guide in virtue's holiest way.

Who can this best and worthiest be?
Whom, HEMANS, *can* we name, but thee?

From THE WINTER'S WREATH, 1832

WITH THEE—WITH THEE

BY ELIZA WALKER

With thee—with thee—oh! what a bliss,
To sail o'er Life's tumultuous sea;
And every blessed hour feel this,
They all are past with thee—with thee!

To know when wakes morn's eye of light,
Thy glance more radiant I shall see;
And glowing noon—and shadowy night,
Will find me still with thee—with thee.

Can care come near when thou art nigh?
No, no, beloved, it must not be;
Thine own fond girl will hush each sigh,
And ever smile with thee—with thee!

Though fate shows dark, and withering blight
Hath ever stalk'd Life's path with me;
I spurn its power, I scorn its might,
Which leaves me still with thee—with thee!

Arm'd strong with love—clasp'd heart to heart,
Our souls shall soar—brave, buoyant, free;
No time shall sever—sorrow part,
One grave I'll share with thee—with thee!

From FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, 1831

SONG

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
 Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near;
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure,
Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
 Spirit of delight!
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
 And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
 Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
 Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
 And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
 Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek—not love them less.

I love Love, though he has wings,
And like light can flee;
But, above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life; O come,
Make once more my heart thy home!

From THE TALISMAN, 1831

IMPROMPTU

ON SEEING A SABLE VEST THROWN CASUALLY
OVER A LADY'S HARP, WHICH HAD FOR SOME
TIME BEEN MUTE AND UNTOUCHED, OWING TO
HER INDISPOSITION

BY THE REV. DR. BOOKER

"Music in mourning."—Ecclesiasticus, xxii, 6.

WHEN Judah's sons, in pensive mood,
Sate by Euphrates' mighty stream,
Their flowing tears increased his flood,
For Salem was their mournful theme;
Silent, their harps (each cord unstrung)
On pendent willow-branches hung.

So, a fair minstrel's kindred shell,
That erst breathed harmony around,
Or roll'd enchantment's fuller swell,
Then died away, in dulcet sound,
Like angel's hymn, or seraph's lute,
Thou, harp! neglected, now art mute.

In sables drest, I see thee stand—
But these shall veil thy form no more.
Soon may'st thou, by ELIZA's hand,
Breathe rapture, as thou didst before!
Then, with responsive pulse most true,
Will beat my heart with rapture too.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1827

A VISIT TO MADAME LETITIA, MOTHER
OF NAPOLEON, MAY 26TH, 1834

BY THE LADY E. S. WORTLEY

It was on a beautiful morning in May that we drove up to the splendid palace of Madame Letitia. I was determined, if possible, before I left Rome, to look upon the mother of Napo-

leon. Let the supercilious and the unimagina-
tive say what they will, and sneer as they may,
I must confess to the weakness (if weakness it
were) of being extremely anxious to behold
that celebrated woman. Surely, surely, if in
herself she was nothing interesting or remark-
able, the extraordinary fortunes in which she
had borne her part, the unparalleled vicissi-
tudes and reverses which she had witnessed
and endured, and that stupendous pageant
which had unfolded, blazed, and faded under
her very eyes, would be enough to excite some
degree of interest and curiosity in even the least
reflective mind concerning her: but did not
Napoleon himself say, "All that I am or have
been, I owe to my mother."

Still I am aware that many there are in this
world, who through vulgar prejudice and stolid
ignorance, cannot view things in this way, and
who can see nothing in beings who have been
the victims of such reverses, but individuals
thrust back again to the station for which it
appears to them Providence originally designed
them. Have these superficial observers for-
gotten that *that* Providence in its infinite wis-
dom and intelligence must have foreseen and
ordained every event and issue of the lives of

persons destined to fill such important parts in the great drama? and if mighty trials and tremendous reverses awaited them, doubtless fitted their natures and their minds to meet and sustain them; does not this make them objects of interest, aye, and of profound interest, too, to minds not stupified to the last degree by thicksighted prejudice and gross insensibility? But enough of these! It was not without great difficulty that we accomplished our object, all the answer we could elicit to our inquiries being that Madame Letitia had kept her bed for several years, and made it a rule never to see any one. At length, however, perseverance overcame all obstacles, and, chiefly through the instrumentality of Lady Dudley Stuart's name, the grand-daughter of the venerable Madame Letitia, and niece of Napoleon, with whom by marriage we were connected, we obtained admission to the palazzo, and had the pleasure of an interview with Mademoiselle Rose Meline, who in the most amiable manner promised to convey to Madame Letitia our earnest desire of admittance into her presence. Mademoiselle Rose speedily returned, and informed me Madame Letitia would see me, but was sorry she could not also receive my husband, who was

with me. I immediately followed Mademoiselle Rose into the chamber, and was introduced to the mother of Napoleon. Madame Letitia was - at that period *eighty-three* years of age, and never did I see a person so advanced in life with a brow and countenance so beaming with expression and undiminished intelligence; the quickness and brilliancy of her large, speaking eye was most remarkable. She was laid in a small white bed in one corner of the room, to which she told me she had been confined for three years, having as long as that ago had the misfortune to break her leg. The room was completely hung round with pictures, large, full length portraits of her family, which covered every portion of the wall. All those of her sons who had attained to the regal dignity were represented in their kingly robes; Napoleon, I believe, in the gorgeous apparel he wore at his coronation. After a few minutes conversation, she informed me that she had not seen any English person for the three years she had been confined to her room, with the exception, if I remember correctly, of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Dudley Stuart, who she afterwards confessed to me were the only English she ever liked; adding with a mournful expres-

sion of countenance, and in a deprecatory tone, that she thought I could not wonder at her thus entertaining inimical feelings towards my countrymen. I told her I was not indeed surprised at her sentiments, and added, that we should not have ventured to have attempted intruding ourselves upon her, had we not considered we had some slight claim on her indulgence, from our connexion with Lady Dudley Stuart, and I then entreated her to allow me to introduce my husband to her. After some difficulty, I succeeded in gaining my point, and obtained admission for him.

After the little preliminary formalities of an introduction, he assured her how very grateful he felt to her for having thus consented to extend to him the kind indulgence she had already shown towards me; and, as I had just before done, observed, that nothing but our connection with Lady Dudley Stuart would have emboldened us to ask so great a favour, and that our hopes of an interview with her had been grounded entirely upon that connection.

Upon which, in the most amiable, friendly, and flattering manner possible, she extended a hand to each of us, and said in the kindest and most cordial tone—

“Eh! je vous reçois comme mes parens.”

She, then seeing us looking earnestly at the magnificent picture of Napoleon, which was hung close to the side of her bed, asked us if we did not admire it, gazing herself at it proudly and fondly, and saying—

“Cela ressemble beaucoup a l'empereur, oui, cela lui ressemble beaucoup!”

And, then observing the very great interest I took in it, she begged me to walk into the adjoining room, where she said there was a bust of the emperor that was the very image of him, and also one of the Duke of Reichstadt, when a child, that was an excellent likeness, and the very one that was sent to Napoleon at St. Helena, which was placed at the feet of his bed in his last illness, and was only removed *after* his death. I immediately obeyed, and was struck with admiration at the beauty of both the busts; the one of the infant King of Rome was angelic, and that of Napoleon (which you could not doubt for a moment *must* be a likeness) quite superb.

While I was examining and admiring these exquisite works of art, Madame Letitia (as Mr. Wortley afterwards told me) dwelt upon the painful topic of St. Helena, and gave vent to

many expressions that showed how bitterly she felt on the distressing subject of Napoleon's captivity in that island, saying, that her son had died by inches there, and speaking in a strain of glowing indignation of Sir H—— L——, whom she emphatically termed "*ce bourreau*."

When I returned into the room I found her earnestly conversing on this subject, and I listened with intense and painful interest to her energetic and impassioned outpourings of her feelings; and I must confess that I cordially assented mentally to much that she said. After a momentary pause, she again reverted to the magnificent pictures with which her room was literally lined, and drew my attention to the one at the head of her bed (which was quite open, in the Italian fashion, without canopy or curtains), informing me, that it was the portrait of her husband, Charles Buonaparte. She then particularized every one of those mute representations of the absent or the dead, giving me little interesting details of each; amongst others were a smaller portrait of Josephine, and one of the ex-empress, Marie Louise; also numerous beautiful miniatures of the different members of her family, amongst

these was one of a beautiful youth, who had died, I believe, not long before; Mademoiselle Meline pointed this out to me, and said, whispering, that it was the resemblance of one of Madame Letitia's grandsons, now dead, the delight and hope and pride of the whole family, but I cannot now remember of which of Madame Letitia's children he was the offspring.

After having attentively examined all these interesting pictures, I returned to take my place beside the bed of the venerable lady. I could not help feeling that she must exist, as it were, in a world of the past, in a world of dreams, in a world of her own, or rather of memory's creation, with all these splendid shadows around her, that silently, but eloquently, spoke of the days departed.

The limits that I have here assigned to myself are very confined, and I must pass over much of the conversation which ensued, only repeating one or two things that struck me more than the rest. Being the day we were about to quit Rome, we were compelled, however much against our inclination, to shorten this interesting interview. Madame Letitia kindly and flatteringly pressed us to stay, until she was informed that we were actually going to start

that afternoon from Rome. She then commissioned me to say a thousand affectionate things to Lady D. Stuart, and charged me to tell her that she ardently hoped she would come and pay her a visit in the ensuing winter; adding, with a tone and manner that I shall never forget, so profound and mournful was the impression it made upon me: "*Je vous en prie dites a ma chere Christine que je suis seule ici.*" Madame Letitia, whose quick and penetrating eye nothing could easily escape, detected immediately the expression of surprise that passed over my countenance, and proceeded to explain to me, that, in consequence of strong representations from very high quarters, the pope had insisted upon the withdrawal of those of her children who yet resided there with her, from Rome; and that she was thus deprived of the greatest and truest source of comfort and happiness which remained to her at her advanced period of life, the society and affectionate attentions of her beloved family.

There was something in her manner of relating this that inexpressibly touched me; a keen sense of wrong appeared to mingle with a dignified patience and a noble fortitude and resignation, and I felt, as I looked upon her and

listened to her, that I indeed saw before me one who had deeply learned the painful lessons of life, who had learned to "*suffer and be still.*" But it were in vain to attempt to describe the solemn sadness of her words and manner, when, looking round her with an expression of desolate sorrow in her fine, large, dark eyes, she concluded her recital with the pathetic exclamation of, "*Et je suis seule! Je suis seule ici!*" All the circumstances that combined to impress the mind: the spot we were standing on, "Rome, the City of the Soul," the Eternal City of the Past and of the Dead! rendered this mournful exclamation, pronounced, as it was, in a voice of the deepest emotion, more profoundly affecting than any thing I ever heard before or since; and never will that melancholy tone, or those melancholy words, be effaced from my memory while I live. In the course of the conversation, which was begun in French, I discovered that Madame Letitia's knowledge of that language was considerably impaired, but yet she appeared to wish to continue conversing in it, though, every now and then, Mademoiselle Meline, translated to her in Italian what we said, and she herself occasionally concluded a sentence in that sweet

language. Most cordial, most courteous, and most kind, were Madame Letitia's adieux to us. I felt, that in all human probability I should never again behold that fine, expressive, intellectual and venerable countenance; and that consciousness shed a redoubled and sorrowful interest over those moments.

The Mother of *Napoleon*, he,

“The *greatest*, nor the worst of men,”
is now no more.

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1837

ALICE GRAY

SWEET Alice Gray is dead;
That bright blue eye is closed; those lips are
mute,

That once enchantment shed,
Soft as the breathings of a lover's lute.

Sweet Alice Gray is dead;
And dark and lonely is her unwept grave,
In a far country spread,
Where yew-tree branches sad and sullen wave!

Her father hears the tale
With tearless eye and rigid brow comprest;—
Her mother, cold and pale,
Listens with trembling lip and heaving breast:
Alas! she dares not speak
The mortal agony, the strife within;—
For, oh! that pallid cheek
Was once like crimson for a daughter's sin.

Her lover—oh, can love
Profane the shrine to which its vows are given?
No; by yon stars above,
True love is stainless as its native heaven.
His was the treacherous guise
That wins fond, trusting woman to a fate
O'er which repentant sighs
And bitter tears are shed, alas! too late!

Oh, weep for Alice Gray!
Weep for that lovely one who wept for all:
Not after summer-day
The blessed dews of heaven more sweetly fall.
Too late her crime she saw,
And pale and trembling pray'd to be forgiven!
Alas! men's rigid law
Denies the boon—bright Mercy dwells in
heaven.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD

BY MRS. ABDY

“Oh! mother, dear mother, what dreams of
delight
Have brightened and gladdened my slumbers
to-night!
Methought the kind father we mourn for as
dead
Had returned to our dwelling, and stood by my
bed.

“He questioned me much on the paths I had
trod,
Of affection to you, and obedience to God;
My answers he seemed quite rejoiced to obtain,
And said, ‘Soon, dearest boy, I shall meet you
again.’ ”

The mother felt faint and desponding of heart;
She looked on the child, and she knew they
must part,
For the flush on his cheek, and the light in his
eye,
Foretold that her sweet one was destined to die.

One murmuring thought on her trial she cast,
But she sunk on her knees—the temptation had
past,
And she sobbed forth, while clasping the hand
of her son,
“The will of our gracious Creator be done!”

Night came—the fair boy was reposing in sleep,
His mother sat near him to watch and to weep,
The volume of life her sad vigils beguiled,
And she turned o’er its pages, and looked on
her child.

On his red lip a smile now appeared to arise,
And he suddenly opened his dark radiant eyes,
He stretched forth his arms, as though called
to his home,
And softly he murmured, “Dear father, I
come!”

Life fled in that moment—all cares were in
vain,
Friends came at the tidings, a sorrowing train;
They wept for the sweet playful child they had
known,
But more for the widow deserted and lone.

Yet not without hope her affliction deplore,
For the God who has taken can also restore,
And the desolate widow has trust in His love,
Who can call her to join her dear lost ones
above.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1837

THE WEDDING RING

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

NAY, Annie, start not thus aside,
Nor strive to reach the door,
When we have ta'en a ten-mile ride
To view the goldsmith's store.
See that gay brooch, that bracelet see,
And that fine glittering thing,—
And look—oh dearer far to me!—
On this plain golden ring.

Nay, Annie, catch not back thy hand,
Nor turn away thine eye,
Nor hang thy head, nor sidling stand,
As the whole world were by.
There's none to scare my trembling dove,
Or her sweet shame to see—
Ay, that's the very finger, love,
And that the ring for me!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1828





ON THE MARRIAGE

OF THE LADY GWENDOLIN TALBOT WITH THE
ELDEST SON OF THE PRINCE BORGHESE

BY MR. RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

LADY! to decorate thy marriage morn
Rare gems and flowers and lofty songs are
brought;
Thou the plain utt'rance of a poet's thought,
Thyself at heart a poet, wilt not scorn.
The name, into whose splendor thou wert born,
Thou art about to change for that which
stands
Writ on the proudest work* that mortal
hands
Have raised from earth Religion to adorn;
Take it rejoicing, take with thee thy dower,
Britain's best blood and beauty ever new,
Beauty of mind.—May the cool northern dew
Still rest upon thy leaves, transplanted flower!
Mingling thy English nature, pure and true,
With the bright growth of each Italian hour.

Rome, May 11th, 1835

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1837

*St. Peter's

THE PINK SATIN SASHERS

BY A. T. B.

It was a bright afternoon in June, when two little girls set out from their mother's cottage, to walk to the neighbouring village.

"I hope it will be a fine day to-morrow," said Ellen, the younger, to her sister. "Yes, so do I, that we may be able to enjoy our visit to Mrs. Elliott, and run about her gardens, and see the aviary, and the gold-fishes, and all the other beautiful things." "It will be very delightful," replied her sister; "but I shall not like our plain white frocks at all, for every body will be so very fine; and Sir George Burton's daughters will be there, and you know, Mary, what handsome frocks they always have on, and how they are admired." "That is very true," answered Mary, "but our dear mamma is very poor, and Sir George has a great deal of money; and you may recollect, that though the Misses Burton have such splendid frocks, they are so proud and conceited that nobody loves them; and I would much rather have a plain frock and be loved, than be finely dressed and disliked." "Well, it will be an improvement if we have the pink satin sashes mamma was talking about,"

said Ellen. "Yes, I think we shall, indeed, be very smart, then; but here we are at Mrs. Smith's, and I hope we shall find Lucy much better."

The little girls whose conversation has just been recorded were the only children of Mrs. Thornton. She was the widow of an officer, and on the loss of her husband retired into Devonshire, devoting herself to the education of her children. Mary had completed her eleventh year, and Ellen was nearly ten. To much sweetness of disposition they united docility and amiable manners. Mrs. Thornton was firm, but gentle, in her method of instruction. They were taught to consider others before themselves, and to be *useful* in the most extended meaning of the word. "I shall not be always with you, my dearest children," would their mother frequently say; "learn early to depend on yourselves, and use your utmost exertions to improve the talents you possess. Endeavour to become good and sensible women, and you will not require riches to be respected."

Not far from the pretty cottage inhabited by Mrs. Thornton stood a large house, surrounded by spacious grounds. The mistress of this residence was named Elliott, and, from the first

arrival of Mrs. Thornton and her daughters, she had particularly noticed them. This lady very frequently entertained the children of the neighbouring families; and by the little Thorntons a visit to Mrs. Elliott was esteemed the highest treat they could possibly enjoy.

We will now return to Mary and Ellen. After leaving Mrs. Smith's, they proceeded to another cottage, and the conversation still turned on Mrs. Elliott and the next day's party, when a sudden winding of the lane discovered a group of persons under a hedge. It consisted of a woman, who was supporting a man apparently overcome with fatigue or pain, while three very little children stood crying by the side of their parents. "Oh! what is the matter?" said Mary, going up to them; "is that poor man very ill or tired?" "Yes, miss," replied the woman, "he is very tired; and so we are all, for we have walked a long way, and have no means of getting food or a place to sleep in much longer, being just come to the end of our little store." "And where are you going to?" asked Ellen. "We are going to D——, miss," answered the woman; "for when my husband fell ill, the doctors said his native air would be the only thing for him; and as there was no work to be

got, we thought we could but try the town where he lived and was well known; but we have suffered a great deal since our journey began." The poor woman stopped, and Ellen answered, "We will speak to our mamma, who, I dare say, can assist you: if you remain here a few days you will be rested, and able to finish the remainder of your journey in a very short time."

They all at once expressed their gratitude for the unexpected prospect of relief afforded them; and Mary, having shown them their white cottage peeping through the trees, the sisters hastened home.

"You are late, my dears," said Mrs. Thornton, as they entered the parlour; "the tea has been ready some time." "We were detained, dear mamma," said Mary; "and we have a little history to relate." "Very well, my loves, go and put away your bonnets, and you can tell me during tea." "How is Lucy Smith?" asked Mrs. Thornton, when they were all seated round the tea-table. "Much better, mamma; and Mrs. Smith hopes that she will soon be able to come and thank you for your kindness: and now, mamma," continued Mary, "we will tell you our history." They then related what has been

already told. "I very much fear, my dear Ellen, that I cannot afford these poor people any sufficient relief," replied Mrs. Thornton to her younger daughter's animated appeal; "for I have just now so many on my list." "But, mamma," said Ellen, "could you not give some of them less; there is that cross Mrs. Watkins, who is always grumbling and discontented, whenever we go to see her, and thinks that all your kindness is nothing: if you were not to send her so much tea, and things of that sort, you might give them something." "That would be acting unjustly towards Mrs. Watkins," answered her mother: "it is true, she is an unpleasant person; but we must consider the necessities of those whom we relieve: and though Mrs. Watkins is so disagreeable in her manners, she is a good-hearted woman, and was very industrious in her younger days. Always, my love," continued Mrs. Thornton, observing the gloom gathering on Ellen's countenance, "remember the good qualities of persons, and suffer their faults to remain unnoticed. Above all, we must never allow our feelings to interfere with our performance of what we know to be *right*, though, perhaps, not exactly agreeable. There is, however, one way by which re-

lief may be bestowed on this distressed family; but that will rest with yourselves." "What is it, dear mamma?" exclaimed Mary eagerly. "I promised you each a pink satin sash, as you are going to Mrs. Elliott's: now, if you are willing to wear your frocks without them, you may have the money they would cost at your own disposal."

The little girls remained silent, and both turned their eyes on the bright glossy riband which lay on their mother's work-table. Mary was the first to speak. "I will give up the sash, mamma," said she slowly, but firmly. "And you, Ellen," said Mrs. Thornton, addressing her younger daughter, who was still anxiously surveying the tempting riband, as it looked so pretty and shining. "I cannot, mamma," replied Ellen, "go without my sash; I have been thinking of it all day." "Very well, my love," answered her mother; and soon after this conversation they retired to bed.

The following morning was as fine as the little Thorntons could desire, and in high spirits they arrived at Mrs. Elliott's. Both were dressed in white muslin frocks, exactly the same, with the exception of Ellen's pink sash. They were kindly welcomed by their good friend, and,

with the rest of the party, commenced the pleasures they had anticipated. Ellen, however, was not quite at ease, and yet the handsome frocks of the Misses Burton troubled her not though they were even more remarkable than usual. There was a secret feeling, which perhaps some of my young readers may have experienced when they are not *entirely* satisfied with their own actions. Mary, on the contrary, was all mirth and spirits, and entered into every amusement that was proposed with the full desire of making herself agreeable.

After dinner, Mrs. Elliott joined them in the garden, and, when engaged in talking to Mary and Ellen, she observed the difference in their dress. "How is it that you are not dressed alike to-day?" said the good lady. They both coloured, though from very different motives, and remained silent. "I imagine," continued Mrs. Elliott, "that there is some difference in conduct, and I make no doubt Mrs. Thornton has adopted this distinction for a good purpose." Mrs. Elliott then left them, with the impression that Mary had displeased her mamma, as she was without the ornament her sister wore.

The pleasure of the day was now quite des-

troyed. Ellen's conscience reproached her for allowing her sister to be suspected of disobedience or misconduct, and Mary was mortified and hurt that Mrs. Elliott should suppose her wanting in duty to her mother. The time passed on heavily; therefore both were glad when the servant came to fetch them home. With very different feelings they retired to rest; but I think all who are now reading this tale will agree with me that those of the little girl *without* the sash were the more pleasing and desirable.

Mrs. Thornton was surprised at the dulness and silence of her children on the ensuing morning; but, thinking they were tired, she did not press them on the subject of their visit; and immediately after breakfast they commenced their lessons. They were just finishing their morning employment, when Mrs. Elliott was announced.

"I called as I was passing your cottage, Mrs. Thornton," said she, "to ask you how you are, and I hope that my little friends are not less inclined to study this morning, in consequence of their visit to me yesterday." "They have nearly finished," replied Mrs. Thornton; "but I have been very much astonished at their unusual

silence, for I have not heard any account of your kind entertainment." "To tell you the truth, my dear Mrs. Thornton, I had a suspicion that all was not right, from what I observed yesterday." "Indeed," returned Mrs. Thornton, "may I inquire your reason?" "Simply this—Ellen had on a pink satin sash and Mary a muslin band. Now, as I know you make a point of dressing them alike, I felt convinced there was some good reason for this distinction, though it is not your usual method of censuring or rewarding them. I am really anxious to know the cause, which I imagine to be this—that Ellen has been good and attentive, and Mary naughty and careless." "Oh! no, Mrs. Elliott, dear Mrs. Elliott, it is I who am naughty," exclaimed Ellen, bursting into tears; "if I could have had courage to tell you so yesterday, when you thought that I deserved praise, and I was conscious that I did not, how much happier I should have been. Mary is good and kind; I am vain and selfish." "Do not be unhappy, dear Ellen," said Mary, kissing her: "I know you did not intend Mrs. Elliott to think I had committed any fault, for you said you would ask mamma to go with you this afternoon and explain all."

"I believe I can now understand my children," said Mrs. Thornton. "During their walk to Mrs. Smith's, on Tuesday, they met with a poor man, with his wife and three children, who were in a very wretched state. On their return, they applied to me for some assistance; but I have just now so many pensioners that I had nothing to spare. I, however, told them, that if they would give up their sashes they might have the money for this poor family: Mary consented, but Ellen preferred the sash; and this accounts for their appearance yesterday."

"Come here, my love, Mary," said Mrs. Elliott, "you have behaved well throughout this affair. I am pleased with your desire of doing good, and yet more with your readiness to deny yourself what would doubtless have been a little gratification. I do not, however, wish you to think too much of this, as *true* charity consists in curtailing our own expenses for the benefit of others. If we only give from our superfluity, it is not the exercise of this heavenly virtue. And let me say a few words to my dear Ellen. Your candour and affection have had their due weight with me, and I am sure you will not again spoil a day's pleasure when a little effort (for I will allow it must have re-

quired an effort) would have raised you in my estimation, and preserved your sister from undeserved suspicion; besides, the sash was comparatively a trifle; and after you had worn it a short time, and the novelty was over, you would have lost your value for it; but, assisting your fellow-creatures, and more especially little children, must long have afforded you a subject of gratifying reflections. If your mamma pleases, we will now walk and see these poor people, for I heard of them last night, and find they have been very unfortunate, and are very proper objects for our charitable exertions." With happy, smiling faces Mary and Ellen prepared for their walk, and on their re-entrance into the room, Mrs. Elliott again addressed them: "I have here, my dears, a packet for you, and I am certain the contents will be well employed, partly in the relief of those who are worthy of it, and the remainder in your own little pleasures." "My kind and considerate friend," said Mrs. Thornton, "I cannot sufficiently thank you for the interest you take in my children, to whom I trust the events of two short days may be a lesson for long after-years." "Doubt it not," replied Mrs. Elliott, smiling at the little girls; "if I may read their hearts in

their countenances, I will venture to predict that my dear young friends will not very speedily forget the *Pink Satin Sashes*."

From THE JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT, 1831

THE COUNTRY GIRL

BY W. WORDSWORTH

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,
Those locks from Summer's golden skies,
That o'er thy brow are shed;
That cheek—a kindling of the morn,
That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,
I saw; and Fancy sped
To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft
air,
Of bliss that grows without a care;
Of happiness that never flies—
How can it where love never dies?
Of promise whispering, where no blight
Can reach the innocent delight;
Where Pity to the mind convey'd
In pleasure is the darkest shade,
That time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings
From his smoothly-gliding wings.

What mortal form, what earthly face,
Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,
And mingle colours that could breed
Such rapture, nor want power to feed?
For, had thy charge been idle flowers,
Fair damsel, o'er my captive mind,
To truth and sober reason blind,
'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,
The sweet illusion might have hung for hours!
—Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,
That touchingly bespeaks thee born,
Life's daily tasks with them to share,
Who, whether from their lowly bed
They rise, or rest the weary head,
Do weigh the blessing they entreat
From heaven, and feel what they repeat,
While they give utterance to the prayer
That asks for daily bread.

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1829

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO R. M. W. TURNER, ESQ., R.A., ON
HIS VIEW OF THE LAGO MAGGIORE FROM THE
TOWN OF ARONA

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY

TURNER, thy pencil brings to mind a day
When from Laveno and the Beuscer hill
I over Lake Verbanus held my way
In pleasant fellowship with wind at will;
Smooth were the waters wide, the sky serene,
And our hearts gladden'd with the joyful scene.

Joyful,—for all things minister'd delight,—
The lake and land, the mountains and the
vales:
The Alps their snowy summits rear'd in light,
Tempering with gelid breath the summer
gales;
And verdant shores and woods refresh'd the
eye
That else had ached beneath that brilliant sky.

To that elaborate island were we bound
Of yore the scene of Borromean pride,—

Folly's prodigious work; where all around,
Under its coronet and self-belied,
Look where you will you cannot choose but see
The obtrusive motto's proud "HUMILITY!"

Far off the Borromean saint was seen,
Distinct though distant, o'er his native town,
Where his Colossus with benignant mien
Looks from its station on Arona down:
To it the inland sailor lifts his eyes,
From the wide lake, when perilous storms arise.

But no storm threaten'd on that summer-day;
The whole rich scene appear'd for joyance
made;
With many a gliding bark the mere was gay—
The fields and groves in all their wealth
array'd:
I could have thought the sun beheld with
smiles
Those towns and palaces and populous isles.

From fair Arona, even on such a day,
When gladness was descending like a shower,

Great painter, did thy gifted eye survey

The splendid scene; and, conscious of its
power,

Well hath thine hand inimitable given

The glories of the lake, and land, and heaven.

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1829

THE VOICE OF THE WATERFALL

BY MRS. GODWIN

Look back!

Lo! where it comes like an eternity.

BYRON.

VOICE of the Waterfall! thy booming sound
Rules like a spell of power the glens around;
We list thee from afar, and pause to dream
Of the near rushing of the mighty stream;
We seek thee near, e'en where thy rugged
throne,

And all thy rude magnificence, are shown,
And hear, in thy stern music, tones that rise
Like oracles of Nature's mysteries.
How oft have I, amid the solemn woods,
When twilight's mantle droop'd o'er fells and
floods,

Sat hearkening thee, the while thy clarion-call
 Waked drowsy Echo in her sylvan hall;
 And seen, for thou, wild spirit, hast a form
 Majestic as the genius of the storm,
 Thy white crest toss'd aloft in proud disdain,
 Like some sea-lion's crisp'd and hoary mane!

Hours of romance—yes, I have mused away
 The lavish glories of a summer day,
 Full oft beneath the forest's whispering shade,
 Rock'd by the thunders of the near cascade:
 Or, more remote, have sought a gentler scene,
 Where all around was fragrant, cool, and green;
 Where flowerets oped their petals to emboss
 With richer hues the dew-bespangled moss;

Where still the roar of neighbouring waters
 came,
 By distance tempered, but in mood the same.
 Yet thou, O Waterfall! that seem'st to be
 A symbol meet of perpetuity,
 E'en thou obey'st at times a loftier power,
 Like some magician in his feeble hour.
 Bleak Winter issues from his arctic caves,
 And chains thy strength and curbs thy head-
 long waves;

Mute as the grave, thy rolling thunders cease,
And where the tumult madden'd—there is
peace.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1832

EXCUSE

FOR WRITING OUT MY OWN PRAISE*

BY THE LATE MRS. PIOZZI

WHEN wits with sportive malice aim
To speed the shaft that flies,
'Tis Love of Praise that bears the blame;
And those that blame are wise.

When Beauty, Levity, and Youth,
Run wild a thousand ways,
Each stander-by, with equal truth,
Arraigns the Love of Praise.

But praises which, by Virtue given,
To Virtue are assign'd,

Alight like harbingers from Heaven,
And cheer the doubting mind.

When duties, with contrasting power,
To different views engage,
Clouding with cares our youthful hour,
Embarrassing our age,

'Tis then that recollected fame
Decides our future days;
And Virtue, with an humbler name,
Becomes—the Love of Praise.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1827

*These lines were attached by the writer to a copy of complimentary verses addressed to her.

ON LOVE

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

WHAT is Love? Ask him who lives what is life; ask him who adores what is God.

I know not the internal constitution of other men, nor even of thine whom I now address. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me, but when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have every where sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

Thou demandest what is Love. It is that powerful attraction towards all we conceive, or fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experi-

ence within ourselves. If we reason we would be understood; if we imagine we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once and mix and melt into our own; that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood:—this is Love. This is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with every thing which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us, which from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. It is probably in correspondence with this law that the infant drains milk from the bosom of its mother; this propensity develops itself with the development of our nature. We dimly see within our intellectual nature, a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise, the ideal prototype of every thing excellent and lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man. Not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed*: a mirror whose

surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness: a soul within our own soul that describes a circle around its proper Paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not over-leap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret, with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands: this is the invisible and unattainable point to which Love tends; and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which, there is no rest nor respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings and yet they sympathize not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very

leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our heart. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, and a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul awaken the spirits to dance of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that if he were in a desert he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1829

*These words are ineffectual and metaphorical. Most words are so,—no help!

REFLECTIONS

WRITTEN ON THE MARRIAGE DAY OF A YOUNG
LADY, WHOSE MOTHER DIED DURING HER
CHILDHOOD

BY MRS. GORE

And not one filial thought of *her*!—

Not one among these streaming tears
For the forgotten cherisher

Of all thy helpless infant years!—

A rosebud, blooming where the rose

Faded in fragrant grace but now,

Unto its parent blossom shows

No greater heedlessness than thou!

Yet, though bright hours be thine to-day,

Though passion's vows thy feelings move,

Though soft endearments soothe—away!—

No love is like a Mother's love!—

Of all who round thy bridal press

With gratulating accents, none—

None tremble for thy happiness,

Or pray for it, as she had done!

Such—such—was she thou couldst forget

E'en on a sacred day like this!—

Go!—bend in supplication yet
To Him with whom she dwells in bliss;
Go! kneel beside the lowly sod
Where rests the proselyte of Heav'n,
And ask forgiveness of thy God!—
Thy gentle Mother *has* forgiven!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1836

THE MOTHER TRIED

BY L. A. H.

“Oh! blessed be my baby boy!”
Thus spoke a mother to her child—
And kissed him with excess of joy,
Then looked upon his face and smiled.

Then, as the mother breathed his name,—
The fervent prayer was scarcely said,—
Convulsions shook his infant frame,—
The mother's only babe was dead!

But still her faith in Him she kept—
In Him who turned to grief her joy;
And still she murmured, as she wept,
“Oh! blessed is my baby boy!”

From THE AMULET, 1827

SONG

BY MISS JEWSBURY

SHE'S on my heart, she's in my thoughts,
At midnight, morn, and noon;
December's snow beholds her there,
And there, the rose of June.

I never breathe her lovely name
When wine and mirth go round;
But oh, the gentle moonlight air
Knows well the silver sound!

I care not if a thousand hear
When other maids I praise;
I would not have my brother by,
When upon her I gaze.

The dew were from the lily gone,
The gold had lost its shine,
If any but my love herself
Could hear me call her mine!

From THE AMULET, 1831

[Is this effusion possibly addressed to J.W.C.?—Ed.]

STANZAS

BY THE LATE JOHN KEATS

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Tree!
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.
The North cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime!

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy Brook!
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never—never petting
About the frozen time!

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle Girl and Boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?

To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steel it,
Was never told in rhyme!

From THE GEM, 1830

TO THE VIRGIN

FROM THE SPANISH OF THE ARCH-PRIEST OF
HITA *

BY J. G. LOCKHART

OF all my ways
Be thy sweet grace the goal;
Of all my days
Thine, Lady, the control:
I fain would raise
Life, prayer, and praise
To Thee. Oh! cleanse my soul.

Great faith is mine
In Thee, Lady, in Thee;
For love benign,

Still fills these eyes for me:
While thus they shine,
I'll ne'er repine,
Whate'er my woes may be.

Star of the sea,
Fountain and spring of light,
That set'st us free
From all the fears of night:
In misery,
I call on Thee,
Look down from heaven's height.

From THE ANNIVERSARY, 1829

*Fourteenth century

THE SISTERS OF ALBANO

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FRANKENSTEIN'

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley;—and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latin coast where sprang the Epic war,
"Arms and the Man," whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire; but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome; and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary bard's delight.

It was to see this beautiful lake that I made my last excursion before quitting Rome. The spring had nearly grown into summer, the trees were all in full but fresh green foliage, the vine-dresser was singing, perched among them, training his vines: the cicada had not yet begun her song, the heats therefore had not commenced; but at evening the fireflies gleamed among the hills, and the cooing aziola assured us of what in that country needs no assurance, fine weather for the morrow. We set out early in the morning to avoid the heats, breakfasted at Albano, and till ten o'clock passed our time in visiting the Mosaic, the villa of Cicero, and other curiosities of the place. We reposed during the middle of the day in a tent elevated for us at the hill top, whence we looked on the hill-

embosomed lake, and the distant eminence crowned by a town with its church. Other villages and cottages were scattered among the foldings of mountains, and beyond we saw the deep blue sea of the southern poets, which received the swift and immortal Tiber, rocking it to repose among its devouring waves. The Coliseum falls and the Pantheon decays—the very hills of Rome are perishing, but the Tiber lives for ever, flows for ever—and for ever feeds the land-encircling Mediterranean with fresh waters.

Our summer and pleasure-seeking party consisted of many: to me the most interesting person was the Countess Atanasia D——, who was as beautiful as an imagination of Raphael, and good as the ideal of a poet. Two of her children accompanied her, with animated looks and gentle manners, quiet, yet enjoying. I sat near her, watching the changing shadows of the landscape before us. As the sun descended, it poured a tide of light into the valley of the lake, deluging the deep bank formed by the mountain with liquid gold. The domes and turrets of the far town flashed and gleamed, the trees were dyed in splendour; two or three slight clouds, which had drunk the radiance till it be-

came their essence, floated golden islets in the lustrous empyrean. The waters, reflecting the brilliancy of the sky and the fire-tinted banks, beamed a second heaven, a second irradiated earth, at our feet. The Mediterranean gazing on the sun—as the eyes of a mortal bride fail and are dimmed when reflecting her lover's glance—was lost, mixed in his light, till it had become one with him.—Long (our souls, like the sea, the hills, and lake, drinking in the supreme loveliness) we gazed, till the too full cup overflowed, and we turned away with a sigh.

At our feet there was a knoll of ground, that formed the foreground of our picture; two trees lay basking against the sky, glittering with the golden light, which like dew seemed to hang amid their branches—a rock closed the prospect on the other side, twined round by creepers, and redolent with blooming myrtle—a brook crossed by huge stones gushed through the turf, and on the fragments of rock that lay about, sat two or three persons, peasants, who attracted our attention. One was a hunter, as his gun, lying on a bank not far off, demonstrated, yet he was a tiller of the soil; his rough straw hat, and his picturesque but coarse dress, belonged to that class. The other was

some contadina, in the costume of her country, returning, her basket on her arm, from the village to her cottage home. They were regarding the stores of a pedlar, who with doffed hat stood near: some of these consisted of pictures and prints—views of the country, and portraits of the Madonna. Our peasants regarded these with pleased attention.

“One might easily make out a story for that pair,” I said: “his gun is a help to the imagination, and we may fancy him a bandit with his contadina love, the terror of all the neighbourhood, except of her, the most defenceless being in it.”

“You speak lightly of such a combination,” said the lovely countess at my side, “as if it must not in its nature be the cause of dreadful tragedies. The mingling of love with crime is a dread conjunction, and lawless pursuits are never followed without bringing on the criminal, and all allied to him, ineffable misery. I speak with emotion, for your observation reminds me of an unfortunate girl, now one of the Sisters of Charity in the convent of Santa Chiara at Rome, whose unhappy passion for a man, such as you mention, spread destruction and sorrow widely around her.”

I entreated my lovely friend to relate the history of the nun: for a long time she resisted my entreaties, as not willing to depress the spirit of a party of pleasure by a tale of sorrow. But I urged her, and she yielded. Her sweet Italian phraseology now rings in my ears, and her beautiful countenance is before me. As she spoke, the sun set, and the moon bent her silver horn in the ebbing tide of glory he had left. The lake changed from purple to silver, and the trees, before so splendid, now in dark masses, just reflected from their tops the mild moonlight. The fire-flies flashed among the rocks; the bats circled round us: meanwhile thus commenced the Countess Atanasia:

The nun of whom I speak had a sister older than herself; I can remember them when as children they brought eggs and fruit to my father's villa. Maria and Anina were constantly together. With their large straw hats to shield them from the scorching sun, they were at work in their father's *podere* all day, and in the evening, when Maria, who was the elder by four years, went to the fountain for water, Anina ran at her side. Their cot—the folding of the hill conceals it—is at the lake side opposite; and about a quarter of a mile up the hill is the

rustic fountain of which I speak. Maria was serious, gentle, and considerate; Anina was a laughing, merry little creature, with the face of a cherub. When Maria was fifteen, their mother fell ill, and was nursed at the convent of Santa Chiara at Rome. Maria attended her, never leaving her bedside day or night. The nuns thought her an angel, she deemed them saints: her mother died, and they persuaded her to make one of them; her father could not but acquiesce in her holy intention, and she became one of the Sisters of Charity, the nun-nurses of Santa Chiara. Once or twice a year she visited her home, gave sage and kind advice to Anina, and sometimes wept to part from her; but her piety and her active employments for the sick reconciled her to her fate. Anina was more sorry to lose her sister's society. The other girls of the village did not please her: she was a good child, and worked hard for her father, and her sweetest recompense was the report he made of her to Maria, and the fond praises and caresses the latter bestowed on her when they met.

It was not until she was fifteen that Anina showed any diminution of affection for her sister. Yet I cannot call it diminution, for she loved her perhaps more than ever, though her

holy calling and sage lectures prevented her from reposing confidence, and made her tremble lest the nun, devoted to heaven and good works, should read in her eyes, and disapprove of the earthly passion that occupied her. Perhaps a part of her reluctance arose from the reports that were current against her lover's character, and certainly from the disapprobation and even hatred of him that her father frequently expressed. Ill-fated Anina! I know not if in the north your peasants love as ours; but the passion of Anina was entwined with the roots of her being, it was herself: she could die, but not cease to love. The dislike of her father for Domenico made their intercourse clandestine. He was always at the fountain to fill her pitcher, and lift it on her head. He attended the same mass; and when her father went to Albano, Velletri, or Rome, he seemed to learn by instinct the exact moment of his departure, and joined her in the *podere*, labouring with her and for her, till the old man was seen descending the mountain-path on his return. He said he worked for a contadino near Nemi. Anina sometimes wondered that he could spare so much time for her; but his excuses were plausible, and the result too delightful not to

blind the innocent girl to its obvious cause.

Poor Domenico! the reports spread against him were too well founded: his sole excuse was that his father had been a robber before him, and he had spent his early years among these lawless men. He had better things in his nature, and yearned for the peace of the guiltless. Yet he could hardly be called guilty, for no dread crime stained him; nevertheless, he was an outlaw and a bandit, and now that he loved Anina these names were the stings of an adder to pierce his soul. He would have fled from his comrades to a far country, but Anina dwelt amid their very haunts. At this period also, the police established by the French government, which then possessed Rome, made these bands more alive to the conduct of their members, and rumours of active measures to be taken against those who occupied the hills near Albano, Nemi, and Velletri, caused them to draw together in tighter bonds. Domenico would not, if he could, desert his friends in the hour of danger.

On a *festa* at this time—it was towards the end of October—Anina strolled with her father among the villagers, who all over Italy make holiday, by congregating and walking in one

place. Their talk was entirely of the *laddri* and the French, and many terrible stories were related of the extirpation of banditti in the kingdom of Naples, and the mode by which the French succeeded in their undertaking was minutely described. The troops scoured the country, visiting one haunt of the robbers after the other, and dislodging them, tracked them, as in those countries they hunt the wild beasts of the forest, till drawing the circle narrower, they enclosed them in one spot. They then drew a cordon round the place, which they guarded with the utmost vigilance, forbidding any to enter it with provisions, on pain of instant death. And as this menace was rigorously executed, in a short time the besieged bandits were starved into a surrender. The French troops were now daily expected, for they had been seen at Velletri and Nemi; at the same time it was affirmed that several outlaws had taken up their abode at Rocca Giovane, a deserted village on the summit of one of these hills, and it was supposed that they would make that place the scene of their final retreat.

The next day, as Anina worked in the *podere*, a party of French horse passed by along the road that separated her garden from the lake.

Curiosity made her look at them; and her beauty was too great not to attract: their observations and address soon drove her away—for a woman in love consecrates herself to her lover, and deems the admiration of others to be profanation. She spoke to her father of the impertinence of these men, and he answered by rejoicing at their arrival, and the destruction of the lawless bands that would ensue. When, in the evening, Anina went to the fountain, she looked timidly around, and hoped that Domenico would be at his accustomed post, for the arrival of the French destroyed her feeling of security. She went rather later than usual, and a cloudy evening made it seem already dark; the wind roared among the trees, bending hither and thither even the stately cypresses; the waters of the lake were agitated into high waves, and dark masses of thunder-cloud lowered over the hill tops, giving a lurid tinge to the landscape. Anina passed quickly up the mountain-path: when she came in sight of the fountain, which was rudely hewn in the living rock, she saw Domenico leaning against a projection of the hill, his hat drawn over his eyes, his *tabaro* fallen from his shoulders, his arms folded in an attitude of dejection. He started

when he saw her; his voice and phrases were broken and unconnected; yet he never gazed on her with such ardent love, nor solicited her to delay her departure with such impassioned tenderness.

“How glad I am to find you here!” she said: “I was fearful of meeting one of the French soldiers: I dread them even more than the banditti.”

Domenico cast a look of eager inquiry on her, and then turned away, saying, “Sorry am I that I shall not be here to protect you. I am obliged to go to Rome for a week or two. You will be faithful, Anina mia; you will love me, though I never see you more?”

The interview, under these circumstances, was longer than usual: he led her down the path till they nearly came in sight of her cottage; still they lingered: a low whistle was heard among the myrtle underwood at the lake side; he started; it was repeated, and he answered it by a similar note: Anina, terrified, was about to ask what this meant, when, for the first time, he pressed her to his heart, kissed her roseate lips, and, with a muttered “*Carissima addio*,” left her, springing down the bank; and as she gazed in wonder, she thought she saw a boat

cross a line of light made by the opening of a cloud. She stood long absorbed in reverie, wondering and remembering with thrilling pleasure the quick embrace and impassioned farewell of her lover. She delayed so long that her father came to seek her.

Each evening after this, Anina visited the fountain at the Ave Maria; he was not there; each day seemed an age; and incomprehensible fears occupied her heart. About a fortnight after, letters arrived from Maria. They came to say that she had been ill of the mal'aria fever, that she was now convalescent, but that change of air was necessary for her recovery, and that she had obtained leave to spend a month at home at Albano. She asked her father to come the next day to fetch her. These were pleasant tidings for Anina; she resolved to disclose every thing to her sister, and during her long visit she doubted not but that she would contrive her happiness. Old Andrea departed the following morning, and the whole day was spent by the sweet girl in dreams of future bliss. In the evening Maria arrived, weak and wan, with all the marks of that dread illness about her; yet, as she assured her sister, feeling quite well.

As they sat at their frugal supper, several

villagers came in to inquire for Maria; but all their talk was of the French soldiers and the robbers, of whom a band of at least twenty was collected in Rocca Giovane, strictly watched by the military.

"We may be grateful to the French," said Andrea, "for this good deed: the country will be rid of these ruffians."

"True, friend," said another; "but it is horrible to think what these men suffer: they have, it appears, exhausted all the food they brought with them to the village, and are literally starving. They have not an ounce of maccaroni among them; and a poor fellow, who was taken and executed yesterday, was a mere anatomy; you could tell every bone in his skin."

"There was a sad story the other day," said another, "of an old man from Nemi, whose son, they say, is among them at Rocca Giovane: he was found within the lines with some *baccalá* under his *pastrano*, and shot on the spot."

"There is not a more desperate gang," observed the first speaker, "in the states and the regno put together. They have sworn never to yield but upon good terms: to secure these, their plan is to way-lay passengers and make

prisoners, whom they keep as hostages for mild treatment from the government. But the French are merciless; they are better pleased that the bandits wreak their vengeance on these poor creatures than spare one of their lives."

"They have captured two persons already," said another: "and there is old Betta Tossi half frantic, for she is sure her son is taken: he has not been at home these ten days."

"I should rather guess," said an old man, "that he went there with good will: the young scape-grace kept company with Domenico Baldi of Nemi."

"No worse company could he have kept in the whole country," said Andrea: "Domenico is the bad son of a bad race. Is he in the village with the rest?"

"My own eyes assured me of that," replied the other. "When I was up the hill with eggs and fowls to the piquette there, I saw the branches of an ilex move; the poor fellow was weak perhaps, and could not keep his hold; presently he dropt to the ground; every musket was levelled at him, but he started up and was away like a hare among the rocks. Once he turned, and then I saw Domenico as plainly, though thinner, poor lad, by much than he was,

as plainly as I now see—Santa Virgine! what is the matter with Nina?”

She had fainted; the company broke up, and she was left to her sister's care. When the poor child came to herself she was fully aware of her situation, and said nothing, except expressing a wish to retire to rest. Maria was in high spirits at the prospect of her long holiday at home, but the illness of her sister made her refrain from talking that night, and blessing her, as she said good night, she soon slept. Domenico starving!—Domenico trying to escape and dying through hunger, was the vision of horror that wholly possessed poor Anina. At another time, the discovery that her lover was a robber might have inflicted pangs as keen as those which she now felt; but this, at present, made a faint impression, obscured by worse wretchedness. Maria was in a deep and tranquil sleep. Anina rose, dressed herself silently, and crept down stairs. She stored her market basket with what food there was in the house, and, unlatching the cottage-door, issued forth, resolved to reach Rocca Giovane, and to administer to her lover's dreadful wants. The night was dark, but this was favourable, for she knew every path and turn of the hills; every bush and knoll of ground

between her home and the deserted village which occupies the summit of that hill: you may see the dark outline of some of its houses about two hours' walk from her cottage. The night was dark, but still; the libeccio brought the clouds below the mountain-tops, and veiled the horizon in mist; not a leaf stirred; her footsteps sounded loud in her ears, but resolution overcame fear. She had entered yon ilex grove, her spirits rose with her success, when suddenly she was challenged by a sentinel; no time for escape; fear chilled her blood; her basket dropped from her arm; its contents rolled out on the ground; the soldier fired his gun and brought several others round him; she was made prisoner.

In the morning, when Maria awoke, she missed her sister from her side. I have overslept myself, she thought, and Nina would not disturb me. But when she came down stairs and met her father, and Anina did not appear, they began to wonder. She was not in the *podere*; two hours passed, and then Andrea went to seek her. Entering the near village, he saw the contadini crowding together, and a stifled exclamation of "Ecco il padre!" told him that some evil had betided. His first impression was

that his daughter was drowned; but the truth, that she had been taken by the French carrying provisions within the forbidden line, was still more terrible. He returned in frantic desperation to his cottage, first to acquaint Maria with what had happened, and then to ascend the hill to save his child from her impending fate. Maria heard his tale with horror; but an hospital is a school in which to learn self-possession and presence of mind. "Do you remain, my father," she said: "I will go. My holy character will awe these men, my tears move them: trust me; I swear that I will save my sister." Andrea yielded to her superior courage and energy.

The nuns of Santa Chiara when out of their convent do not usually wear their monastic habit, but dress simply in a black gown. Maria, however, had brought her nun's habiliments with her, and thinking thus to impress the soldiers with respect, she now put it on. She received her father's benediction, and asking that of the Virgin and the saints, she departed on her expedition. Ascending the hill, she was soon stopped by the sentinels. She asked to see their commanding officer, and being conducted to him, she announced herself as the sister of

the unfortunate girl who had been captured the night before. The officer, who had received her with carelessness, now changed countenance: his serious look frightened Maria, who clasped her hands, exclaiming, "You have not injured the child! she is safe!"

"She is safe—now," he replied with hesitation; "but there is no hope of pardon."

"Holy Virgin, have mercy on her! what will be done to her?"

"I have received strict orders; in two hours she dies."

"No! no!" exclaimed Maria impetuously, "that cannot be! you cannot be so wicked as to murder a child like her."

"She is old enough, madame," said the officer, "to know that she ought not to disobey orders; mine are so strict, that were she but nine years old, she dies."

These terrible words stung Maria to fresh resolution: she entreated for mercy; she knelt; she vowed that she would not depart without her sister; she appealed to Heaven and the saints. The officer, though cold-hearted, was good-natured and courteous, and he assured her with the utmost gentleness that her supplications were of no avail; that were the criminal his own

daughter he must enforce his orders. As a sole concession, he permitted her to see her sister. Despair inspired the nun with energy; she almost ran up the hill, out-speeding her guide: they crossed a folding of the hills to a little sheep-cot, where sentinels paraded before the door. There was no glass to the windows, so the shutters were shut, and when Maria first went in from the bright daylight she hardly saw the slight figure of her sister leaning against the wall, her dark hair fallen below her waist, her head sunk on her bosom, over which her arms were folded. She started wildly as the door opened, saw her sister, and sprung with a piercing shriek into her arms.

They were left alone together: Anina uttered a thousand frantic exclamations, beseeching her sister to save her, and shuddering at the near approach of her fate. Maria had felt herself, since their mother's death, the natural protectress and support of her sister, and she never deemed herself so called on to fulfil this character as now that the trembling girl clasped her neck; her tears falling on her cheeks, and her choked voice entreating her to save her. The thought—O could I suffer instead of you! was in her heart, and she was about to express

it, when it suggested another idea, on which she was resolved to act. First she soothed Anina by her promises, then glanced round the cot; they were quite alone: she went to the window, and through a crevice saw the soldiers conversing at some distance. "Yes, dearest sister," she cried, "I will—I can save you—quick—we must change dresses—there is no time to be lost!—you must escape in my habit."

"And you remain to die?"

"They dare not murder the innocent, a nun! Fear not for me—I am safe."

Anina easily yielded to her sister, but her fingers trembled; every string she touched she entangled. Maria was perfectly self-possessed, pale, but calm. She tied up her sister's long hair, and adjusted her veil over it so as to conceal it; she unlaced her bodice, and arranged the folds of her own habit on her with the greatest care—then more hastily she assumed the dress of her sister, putting on, after a lapse of many years, her native *contadina* costume. Anina stood by, weeping and helpless, hardly hearing her sister's injunctions to return speedily to their father, and under his guidance to seek sanctuary. The guard now opened the door. Anina clung to her sister in terror, while she, in

soothing tones, entreated her to calm herself.

The soldiers said, they must delay no longer, for the priest had arrived to confess the prisoner.

To Anina the idea of confession associated with death was terrible; to Maria it brought hope. She whispered, in a smothered voice, "The priest will protect me—fear not—hasten to our father!"

Anina almost mechanically obeyed: weeping, with her handkerchief placed unaffectedly before her face, she passed the soldiers; they closed the door on the prisoner, who hastened to the window, and saw her sister descend the hill with tottering steps, till she was lost behind some rising ground. The nun fell on her knees—cold dew bathed her brow, instinctively she feared: the French had shown small respect for the monastic character; they destroyed the convents and desecrated the churches. Would they be merciful to her, and spare the innocent! Alas! was not Anina innocent also? Her sole crime had been disobeying an arbitrary command, and she had done the same.

"Courage!" cried Maria; "perhaps I am fitter to die than my sister is. Gesu, pardon me my sins, but I do not believe that I shall out-live this day!"

In the meantime, Anina descended the hill slowly and tremblingly. She feared discovery—she feared for her sister—and above all at the present moment, she feared the reproaches and anger of her father. By dwelling on this last idea, it became exaggerated into excessive terror, and she determined, instead of returning to her home, to make a circuit among the hills, to find her way by herself to Albano, where she trusted to find protection from her pastor and confessor. She avoided the open paths, and following rather the direction she wished to pursue than any beaten road, she passed along nearer to Rocca Giovane than she anticipated. She looked up at its ruined houses and bell-less steeple, straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of him, the author of all her ills. A low but distinct whistle reached her ear, not far off; she started—she remembered that on the night when she last saw Domenico a note like that had called him from her side; the sound was echoed and re-echoed from other quarters; she stood aghast, her bosom heaving, her hands clasped. First she saw a dark and ragged head of hair, shadowing two fiercely gleaming eyes, rise from beneath a bush. She screamed, but before she could repeat her scream three men leapt from

behind a rock, secured her arms, threw a cloth over her face, and hurried her up the acclivity. Their talk, as she went along, informed her of the horror and danger of her situation.

Pity, they said, that the holy father and some of his red stockings did not command the troops: with a nun in their hands, they might obtain any terms. Coarse jests passed as they dragged their victim towards their ruined village. The paving of the street told her when they arrived at Rocca Giovane, and the change of atmosphere that they entered a house. They unbandaged her eyes: the scene was squalid and miserable, the walls ragged and black with smoke, the floor strewn with offals and dirt; a rude table and broken bench was all the furniture; and the leaves of Indian corn, heaped high in one corner, served, it seemed, for a bed, for a man lay on it, his head buried in his folded arms. Anina looked round on her savage hosts: their countenances expressed every variety of brutal ferocity, now rendered more dreadful from gaunt famine and suffering.

"O there is none who will save me!" she cried. The voice startled the man who was lying on the floor; he leapt up—it was Domenico: Domenico, so changed, with sunk cheeks and

eyes, matted hair, and looks whose wildness and desperation differed little from the dark countenances around him. Could this be her lover?

His recognition and surprise at her dress led to an explanation. When the robbers first heard that their prey was no prize, they were mortified and angry; but when she related the danger she had incurred by endeavouring to bring them food, they swore with horrid oaths that no harm should befall her, but that if she liked she might make one of them in all honour and equality. The innocent girl shuddered. "Let me go," she cried; "let me only escape and hide myself in a convent for ever!"

Domenico looked at her in agony. "Yes, poor child," he said; "go, save yourself: God grant no evil befall you; the ruin is too wide already." Then turning eagerly to his comrades, he continued—"You hear her story. She was to have been shot for bringing food to us: her sister has substituted herself in her place. We know the French; one victim is to them as good as another: Maria dies in their hands. Let us save her. Our time is up; we must fall like men, or starve like dogs: we have still ammunition, still some strength left. To arms! let us rush on the

poltroons, free their prisoner, and escape or die!"

There needed but an impulse like this to urge the outlaws to desperate resolves. They prepared their arms with looks of ferocious determination. Domenico, meanwhile, led Anina out of the house, to the verge of the hill, inquiring whither she intended to go. On her saying, to Albano, he observed, "That were hardly safe; be guided by me, I entreat you: take these piastres, hire the first conveyance you find, hasten to Rome, to the convent of Santa Chiara: for pity's sake, do not linger in this neighbourhood."

"I will obey your injunctions, Domenico," she replied, "but I cannot take your money; it has cost you too dear: fear not, I shall arrive safely at Rome without that ill-fated silver."

Domenico's comrades now called loudly to him: he had no time to urge his request; he threw the despised dollars at her feet.

"Nina, adieu for ever," he said: "may you love again more happily!"

"Never!" she replied. "God has saved me in this dress; it were sacrilege to change it: I shall never quit Santa Chiara."

Domenico had led her a part of the way down

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the rock; his comrades appeared at the top, calling to him.

"Gesu, save you!" cried he: "reach the convent—Maria shall join you there before night. Farewell!" He hastily kissed her hand, and sprang up the acclivity to rejoin his impatient friends.

The unfortunate Andrea had waited long for the return of his children. The leafless trees and bright clear atmosphere permitted every object to be visible, but he saw no trace of them on the hill side; the shadows of the dial showed noon to be passed, when, with uncontrollable impatience, he began to climb the hill, towards the spot where Anina had been taken. The path he pursued was in part the same that this unhappy girl had taken on her way to Rome. The father and daughter met: the old man saw the nun's dress, and saw her unaccompanied: she covered her face with her hands in a transport of fear and shame; but when, mistaking her for Maria, he asked in a tone of anguish for his youngest darling, her arms fell; she dared not raise her eyes, which streamed with tears.

"Unhappy girl!" exclaimed Andrea, "where is your sister?"

She pointed to the cottage prison, now dis-

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cernible near the summit of a steep acclivity. "She is safe," she replied: "she saved me; but they dare not murder her."

"Heaven bless her for this good deed!" exclaimed the old man, fervently; "but you hasten on your way, and I will go in search of her."

Each proceeded on an opposite path. The old man wound up the hill, now in view, and now losing sight of the hut where his child was captive: he was aged, and the way was steep. Once, when the closing of the hill hid the point towards which he for ever strained his eyes, a single shot was fired in that direction: his staff fell from his hands, his knees trembled and failed him; several minutes of dead silence elapsed before he recovered himself sufficiently to proceed: full of fears he went on, and at the next turn saw the cot again. A party of soldiers were on the open space before it, drawn up in a line as if expecting an attack. In a few moments from above them shots were fired, which they returned, and the whole was enveloped and veiled in smoke. Still Andrea climbed the hill, eager to discover what had become of his child: the firing continued quick and hot. Now and then, in the pauses of musquetry and the

answering echoes of the mountains, he heard a funeral chant; presently, before he was aware, at a turning of the hill, he met a company of priests and contadini, carrying a large cross and a bier. The miserable father rushed forward with frantic impatience; the awe-struck peasants set down their load—the face was uncovered, and the wretched man fell lifeless on the corpse of his murdered child.

The Countess Atanasia paused, overcome by the emotions inspired by the history she related. A long pause ensued: at length one of the party observed, "Maria, then, was the sacrifice to her goodness."

"The French," said the countess, "did not venerate her holy vocation; one peasant girl to them was the same as another. The immolation of any victim suited their purpose of awe-striking the peasantry. Scarcely, however, had the shot entered her heart, and her blameless spirit been received by the saints in Paradise, when Domenico and his followers rushed down the hill to avenge her and themselves. The contest was furious and bloody; twenty French soldiers fell, and not one of the banditti escaped; Domenico, the foremost of the assailants, being the first to fall."

I asked, "And where are now Anina and her father?"

"You may see them, if you will," said the countess, "on your return to Rome. She is a nun of Santa Chiara. Constant acts of benevolence and piety have inspired her with calm and resignation. Her prayers are daily put up for Domenico's soul, and she hopes, through the intercession of the Virgin, to rejoin him in the other world.

"Andrea is very old; he has outlived the memory of his sufferings; but he derives comfort from the filial attentions of his surviving daughter. But when I look at his cottage on this lake, and remember the happy laughing face of Anina among the vines, I shudder at the recollection of the passion that has made her cheeks pale, her thoughts for ever conversant with death, her only wish to find repose in the grave."

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1829

CHILDHOOD, OR THE TRIAD

BY MARY HOWITT

You have four, and I have three,
Jane, and Rose, and Emily.
Jane, my eldest, is sedate,
Fit to be a Crusoe's mate;
Quite a housewife in her way,
Busily employed all day.
When I'm sleeping in my bed
Jane is working overhead;
So correct, so kind, so sage,
She's a wonder for her age.
And if I had half a score
Of the cleverest daughters more,
I should ne'er expect to gain
One as useful as my Jane!

Rose is quite a different child,
Tractable enough, and mild;
But the genius of the three,
The lady of the family;
With a voice so wondrous clear!
And for music such an ear!
All our friends are in amaze
At the skill with which she plays;

You may name whate'er you will,
Rose for any piece has skill!
Then she writes, and can succeed
In poems beautiful indeed.
She can design too, and I never
For a child saw aught so clever!
Heads she draws, and landscapes too,
Better far than I can do,
Though no little sum was spent
To give me that accomplishment.
She is quite an artist now,—
Has it stamped upon her brow,
And I'm sure will earn her bread
With that intellectual head.

Emily, my youngest elf,
Is the picture of myself;
For her age extremely tall,
And the idol of us all.
Oh, the little roguish thing!
Now she'll dance, and now she'll sing,
Now she'll put on modish airs
Such as Mrs. Johnson wears;
Shaking her rich curling tresses
For the plumes with which she dresses.
On my life, I sometimes fear
She will mimic her when here!

Emily is bold and wild,
Quite a beau-ideal child,
Spoiled enough to have her will,—
Loving yet and gentle still;
Just as poets say should be
The youngest of the family;
A little happy, rosy pet;
One all pretty names to get,
Puck, and Mab, and Mignonette!

From FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, 1835

THIRTEEN YEARS AGO

BY BARRY CORNWALL

(Beggar-girl)

THIRTEEN years ago, mother,
A little child had you;
Its limbs were light, its voice was soft,
Its eyes were—oh, so blue!
It was your last, your dearest,
And you said, when it was born,
It cheered away your widowhood,
And made you unforlorn.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
You loved that little child,
Although its temper wayward was,
And its will so strong and wild;
You likened it to the free bird,
That flies to the woods to sing,
To the river fair, the unfettered air,
And many a pretty thing.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The world was in its youth:
There was no past; and the all to come
Was Hope, and Love, and Truth.
The dawn came dancing onwards,

The day was ne'er too long,
And every night had a faery sight,
And every voice a song.

Thirteen years ago, mother,
Your child was an infant small,
But she grew, and budded, and bloomed,
at last,
Like the rose on your garden wall.
Ah, the rose that you loved was trod on,—
Your child was lost in shame,
And never since hath she met your smile,
And never heard your name!

(*Widow*)

Be dumb, thou gipsy slanderer,
What is my child to thee?
What are my troubles—what my joys?
Here, take these pence, and flee!
If thou *wilt* frame a story
Which speaks of me or mine,
Go say you found me singing, girl,
In the merry sunshine.

(*Beggar-girl*)

Thirteen years ago, mother,
The sun shone on your wall:

He shineth now through the winter's mist,
Or he shineth not at all.
You laughed *then*, and your little one
Ran round with merry feet:
To-day, you hide your eyes in tears,
And *I*—am in the street!

(*Widow*)

Ah, God!—what frightful spasm
Runs piercing through my heart!
It cannot be my bright one,
So pale—so worn;—Depart!
Depart—yet no, come hither!
Here! hide thee in my breast!
I see thee again,—*again!*—and I
Am once more with the bless'd!

(*Beggar-girl*)

Ay,—gaze!—'Tis I, indeed, mother,
Your loved,—your lost,—your *child!*
The rest o' the bad world scorn me,
As a creature all defiled:
But *you*—you'll take me home, mother?
And I—(tho' the grave seems nigh,)
I'll bear up still; and for *your* sake,
I'll struggle—*not* to die!

From FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING, 1835

RUTH

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

SHE stood breast-high amidst the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn;
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a burning kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush
Deeply ripen'd—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell—
Which were darkest none could tell;
But long lashes veil'd a light
Which had else been all too bright;

And her hat with shady brim
Made her forehead darkly dim:
Thus she stood among the stooks,
Praising God with her sweet looks.

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean:
Lay thy sheaf adown, and come
Share my harvest and my home.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1827

ROSALIND AND CELIA

BY THE REV. JAMES WHITE

Two radiant creatures in a wood
Their wild mirth chasten'd not subdued
By awe of that deep solitude!
One, a youth so fair and slim,
Never sword shall glance for him,
Never helm shall press the brow
Where the plume is waving now:
His shall be a happier lot
In some far, secluded spot,
Weaving flow'rs and chaplets fair,
For his own true lady's hair!

And a gentle maid is by,
Yet no love is in his eye,
Yet no passion thrills his soul
With a bliss beyond control.
Calmly, as a sister's might,
With a touch all soft and light,
See his listless arm is laid
O'er the shoulder of the maid.

A scroll is in her hand the while,
And she reads with playful smile,

While the youth bends down to hear,
Half in wonder, half in fear—
And a flush comes o'er him now,
Redd'ning over neck and brow,
While that merry maiden still
Mocks him with malicious skill!
Soon that youth's imprison'd breast
Heaves beneath the shrouding vest,
And the locks so richly brown
O'er the flush'd cheek cluster down;
And before us, blushing, there
Stands a maiden young and fair!

Fresh the scene comes o'er us still!
For Shakespeare's power and Stothard's skill
Give those maids, in nature's truth,
Eternity of love and youth.
When my child, whose marble brow
Waves with sunny ringlets now,
As in wild unbridled glee
It laughs and prattles on my knee,
Shall be old, and frail, and faded,
Each charm by years and sorrow shaded—
Still shall men of future days
On the unfading picture gaze,
And while youth and wit can charm



W. A. del.

Jos^{ph} Phelps sc.

THE "WELFARE"



At the wild romance shall warm—
And turn with soften'd heart and kind
To Celia and her Rosalind!

From THE BIJOU, 1830

ADDRESS

TO A LADY WHO WAS GATHERING A CONVOL-
VULUS FOR AN EVENING PARTY

BY MONTAGUE SEYMOUR

TOUCH not that flower, 'tis sacred to repose—
But gather blossoms of the blushing rose;
It well may suit thee in thy witching power,
When thou and beauty gild the passing hour.

Oh! break not from that tall and slender stem
The rich ethereal tint, that lovely gem;
But rather cull the modest jessamine,
Around thy marble forehead to entwine.

And, when the morning o'er yon garden glows,
Awake thee from thy stillness of repose,
And steal a glance at yonder fragile stem,
That bears the fairest bloom in Flora's diadem.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1827

THE EPISTLE
OF SERVIUS SULPICIUS TO MARCUS TULLIUS
CICERO

Translated by HIS MAJESTY

As soon as I heard your daughter Tullia was dead, I confess I was extremely concerned, as it became me to be, at a loss which I regarded as common to us both; and if I had been with you, I should not have been wanting to you, but should have openly testified the bitterness of my grief. 'Tis true this is but a poor and miserable consolation, because those who ought to administer it, I mean our nearest friends and relations, are almost equally affected with ourselves, nor can they attempt it without shedding many a tear: so that they appear to be more in want of comfort themselves than to perform that duty to others. I resolved, however, to set down in a short letter to you such considerations as occurred to my mind, not because they can have escaped you, but because I think that your grief has hindered your attending to them. What reason is there why you should be transported by so immoderate a

grief: consider how fortune has hitherto dealt with us; consider that we have lost what ought to be dearer to us than our own offspring—our country, our credit, dignity, and all our honours. This one misfortune more, how can it increase our misery? Or what mind is there that has been subject to such distress, but must have now grown callous, and regard every thing else as of little consequence? Is it for her sake that you grieve? But how often must you have fallen into that train of thinking into which I often fall, which suggests to me that those persons are not the most unfortunate at this time who are permitted to exchange life for death? What is there now which could make her so much regret the loss of life? What affairs? What hopes? What prospects of comfort? Was it that she might pass her life with some nobleman of high rank and qualification? And can you really think that it was in your power, deservedly honored as you are, to choose out of our present youth, a son-in-law to whom you might safely commit a child so dear to you? Or, was it that she might bear children from whose flourishing condition she might have drawn much pleasure? Who might have enjoyed a large fortune, transmitted to them

from their parents? Who might have been candidates in turn for the honors of the state; and who might have employed their liberty in the service of your friends! Alas! which of these blessings was not taken away before she was in a condition to bestow them on others? But it is a most shocking thing to lose one's children. True, if it were not much more so to suffer and undergo what we now do. Give me leave to relate to you, what on a certain occasion afforded me some little comfort, and allow me to hope that it may have the same effect upon you. Upon my return from Asia, as I sailed from Ægina to Megara, I began attentively to view the countries that lay around me. Behind me was Ægina, before me Megara, on my right hand Piræus, on my left Corinth. These cities were at one time flourishing beyond imagination, but are now desolate and in ruins. Thus I began to ruminate with myself; alas! do we poor mortals resent it so much, if one of us dies, or is killed, whose life is of so short a date, when we see in one spot the many carcasses of so great cities lying before us? Will you not, Servius, check your grief by recollecting that you are born a man? Believe me, I was not a little comforted by that thought. If you please, there-

fore, try the power of it on yourself. It was but lately we saw many famous men perish, a great empire declining, and all the provinces in the utmost distress. And shall the death of one little woman so grievously afflict you! who if she had not died now, must in a few years have done so, for she was born a mortal. Let me beg of you, therefore, as much as is in your power, to call off your mind from brooding over these subjects, and to turn it rather on such as are worthy of your character; consider, that she lived as long as it was desirable for her to live; that her fate was joined to that of her country; that she lived to see her father, Prætor, Consul, and Augur; had been married to youths of the greatest distinction; had enjoyed all manner of happiness—and fell at last with the republic. Upon what account can you or she complain of fortune? Above all, do not forget that you are Cicero, one who is accustomed to advise and direct others; and do not imitate bad physicians, who in the disorders of others profess that they are conversant in the art of physic, and are not able to cure themselves, but rather follow what you recommend to others and keep it constantly before your eyes. There is no grief which length of time will not diminish and soften, it

is beneath you to wait for that moment, and not to master your grief beforehand by your wisdom. But if there be any feeling in the dead, I am certain that she is very desirous that you should not wear yourself out so with grief for her sake, on account of her filial piety and affection for you. Grant this favor to her, who is now dead, and to the rest of your friends and relations who sympathise with you in your grief; grant it also to your country, that, if she be in want of your assistance, she may be able to make use of your counsel and advice. And, last of all, since we are fallen into such a situation, that we must submit to the present state of things, do not put it in the power of any one to say, that you grieve less for your daughter than you do for the misfortunes of the country, and for the victories of her enemies. It does not become me to write to you any more concerning this affair, lest I should appear to distrust your prudence. Wherefore, when I have mentioned this one piece of advice, I will conclude my letter. We have seen you bear prosperity in a manner that became you, and acquire great glory from it; now let us perceive that you can bear adversity with equal fortitude, and that you are no more oppressed by it than you

ought to be; lest this should appear to be the only virtue you want among so many. But as to what belongs to me, when I understand that you are a little more composed, I will inform you concerning what passes here, and in what state this province is. Adieu.

From THE BIJOU, 18—

George P. 1779.

THE VIRGIN MARY'S EVENING SONG

* BY J.

CHILD of beauty, brightness, power!
Sleep, it is the evening hour!
Sleep, though rude thy chamber round,
Fear not, this is holy ground;
Viewless watchers hover here,
Angel-bands are bending near.

Child of mystery and might,
What can ail thee, babe, to-night?
Infant, tender, pure, and pale,
Rosebud, delicate, and frail.
Ah! I see upon thy brow
Some uneasy feeling now;
And thy quiet falling tears
Wake my heart's foreboding fears.

Child of high and holy love,
Thou hast left thy bower above:
Come, then, to an humbler nest,
On thy mortal mother's breast;
Wherefore still thy murmurs heard,
Wherefore fluttering, timid bird,
Is it my rude songs that break

Dreams from which thou would'st not
wake?

Are the angel-hymns on high
Softer than a mother's sigh?

Child of heaven! a lowlier lay,
It were meet for me to pay;
Gem of glory, fount of bliss,
Borne upon a breast like this;
Holy as thou art and dear,
May I love thee without fear?
Oh! too beautiful thou art
Thus to slumber on my heart;
Yet, while thus our arms entwine,
Thou art mine—for ever, mine!

*"The Poems signed 'J.' which are from the pen of a young lady, who with true female delicacy conceals her name, merit particular regard and must at once place her in the first rank of British poetesses."

From THE BIJOU, 1829

TO LORD BYRON*

BY THOMAS MOORE

WHY hast thou bound around, with silver rim,
This once gay peopled palace of the soul?
Look on it now! deserted, bleached, and grim,
Is *this*, thou feverish man, thy festal bowl?

Is *this* the cup wherein thou seek'st the balm,
Each brighter chalice to thy lip denies?
Is *this* the oblivious bowl whose floods becalm
The worm that will not sleep, and never dies?

Woe to the lip to which this cup is held!
The lip that's pall'd with every purer draught
For which alone the rifled grave can yield
A goblet worthy to be deeply quaff'd.

Strip, then, this glittering mockery from the
skull,
Restore the relic to its tomb again;
And seek a healing balm within the bowl,
The blessed bowl that never flow'd in vain!

*On reading his 'Stanzas on the Silver Foot of a Skull
mounted as a Cup for Wine.'

From THE TALISMAN, 1831

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACIO

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

OF late, in one of those most weary hours,
When life seems emptied of all genial powers,
A dreary mood, which he who ne'er has known
May bless his happy lot, I sate alone;
And, from the numbing spell to win relief,
Call'd on the PAST for thought of glee or grief.
In vain! bereft alike of grief and glee,
I sate and cow'r'd o'er my own vacancy!
And as I watch'd the dull continuous ache,
Which, all else slumb'ring, seem'd alone to
wake;

O Friend! long wont to notice yet conceal,
And soothe by silence what words cannot heal,
I but half saw that quiet hand of thine
Place on my desk this exquisite design,
Boccacio's Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyaunce, and the gallantry!
An IDYLL, with Boccacio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.

Like flocks adown a newly-bathed steep
Emerging from a mist: or like a stream
Of music soft that not dispels the sleep,

But casts in happier moulds the slumberer's
dream,
Gazed by an idle eye with silent might
The picture stole upon my inward sight.
A tremulous warmth crept gradual o'er my
chest,
As though an infant's finger touch'd my breast.
And one by one (I know not whence) were
brought
All spirits of power that most had stirr'd my
thought
In selfless boyhood, on a new world tost
Of wonder, and in its own fancies lost;
Or charm'd my youth, that, kindled from
above,
Loved ere it loved, and sought a form of love;
Or lent a lustre to the earnest scan
Of manhood, musing what and whence is man!
Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn
caves
Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and
waves;
Or fateful hymn of those prophetic maids,
That call'd on Hertha in deep forest glades;
Or minstrel lay, that cheer'd the baron's feast;
Or rhyme of city pomp, of monk and priest,
Judge, mayor, and many a guild in long array,

To high-church pacing on the great saint's day.
 And many a verse which to myself I sang,
 That woke the tear yet stole away the pang,
 Of hopes which in lamenting I renew'd.
 And last, a matron now, of sober mien
 Yet radiant still and with no earthly sheen,
 Whom as a faery child my childhood woo'd
 Even in my dawn of thought—PHILOSOPHY.
 Though then unconscious of herself, pardie,
 She bore no other name than POESY;
 And, like a gift from heaven, in life's glee,
 That had but newly left a mother's knee,
 Prattled and play'd with bird and flower, and
 stone,
 As if with elfin playfellows well known,
 And life reveal'd to innocence alone.

Thanks, gentle artist! now I can descry
 Thy fair creation with a mastering eye.
 And *all* awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
 Now wander through the Eden of thy hand;
 Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
 See fragment shadows of the crossing deer,
 And with that serviceable nymph I stoop
 The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
 I see no longer! I myself am there,

Sit on the green-sward, and the banquet
share.

'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing
strings,

And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings:
Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she
dwells.

With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my
chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O, Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills,
And famous Arno fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine.
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn;
Palladian palace with its storied halls;
Fountains, where LOVE lies listening to their
falls;
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,

And Nature makes her happy home with man;
 Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
 With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
 And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
 A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
 Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn,
 Thine all delights, and every muse is thine:
 And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
 Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!
 Mid gods of Greece and warriors of romance,
 See! BOCCACE sits, unfolding on his knees
 The new-found roll of old Mæonides;*
 But from his mantle's fold, and near the heart,
 Peers Ovid's HOLY BOOK of Love's sweet
 Smart!†

*Boccaccio claimed for himself the glory of having first introduced the works of Homer to his countrymen.

†I know few more striking or more interesting proofs of the overwhelming influence which the study of the Greek and Roman classics exercised on the judgments, feelings, and imaginations of the literati of Europe at the commencement of the restoration of literature, than the passage in the *Filocolo* of Boccaccio: where the sage instructor, Racheo, as soon as the young prince and the beautiful girl Biancofiore had learned their letters, sets them to study the *Holy Book*, Ovid's *ART OF LOVE*. "Incominciò Racheo a mettere il suo officio in esecuzione con intera sollecitudine. E loro, in breve tempo, insegnato a conoscer le lettere, fece leggere le *santo libro d'Ovvidio, nel quale il sommo poeta mostra, comi i santi fuochi di Venere si debbano ne freddi cuori accendere.*"

O all-enjoying and all-blending sage,
Long be it mine to con thy mazy page,
Where, half conceal'd, the eye of fancy views
Fauns, nymphs, and winged saints, all gracious
to thy muse!

Still in thy garden let me watch their pranks,
And see in Dian's vest between the ranks
Of the trim vines, some maid that half believes
The *vestal* fires, of which her lover grieves,
With that sly satyr peeping through the leaves!

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1829

POETICAL HAPPINESS

BY FREDERICK TENNYSON

THERE is a fountain, to whose flowery side
By divers ways the children of the earth
Turn day and night athirst, to measure forth
Its sweet pure waters—health, and wealth, and
 pride,
Power clad in arms, and wisdom Argus-eyed.
But one apart from all is seen to stand,
And take up in the hollow of his hand
What to their golden vessels is denied;
Baffling their utmost reach. He, born and
 nursed
In the glad sound and freshness of that place,
Drinks momentarily its dews, and feels no thirst:
While from his bowered grot, or sunny space,
He sorrows for that troop, as it returns
Through the wide wilderness with empty urns!

From THE AMULET, 1832

[Alfred Tennyson had a high opinion of his brother Frederick's verses and described them as 'organ tones echoing among the mountains.'—ED.]

ADDRESS,

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH (NOW MRS.
BARTLEY)

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

The following lines were written by Sir Walter Scott, for recitation by Miss Smith on the night of her benefit at Edinburgh, in 1807. Owing to some mistake, they reached her too late for the purpose, and have never been either spoken or published. In the letter accompanying them, Sir Walter states that they had been written on the morning of the day on which they were despatched, and that the idea was, in his mind, better than the execution. Whatever may be the opinion of the reader on this point, they add another to the thousand proofs of the kindness of his disposition, since the proposal was made by himself, with the observation that something from his pen might perhaps "add a little salt to the bill."

WHEN the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear;
The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the taper's glow,
Oppress his soul; while they delight,

And chasten rapture with affright.
No longer dare he think his toil
Can merit aught his patron's smile;
Too light appears the distant way,
The chilly eve, the sultry day—
All these endured no favour claim,
But, murmuring forth the sainted name,
He lays his little offering down,
And only deprecates a frown.

We too who ply the Thespian art
Oft feel such bodings of the heart,
And, when our utmost powers are strained,
Dare hardly hope your favour gained.
She, who from sister climes has sought
The ancient land where Wallace fought—
Land long renowned for arms and arts,
And conquering eyes, and dauntless hearts—
She, as the flutterings *here* avow,
Feels all the pilgrim's terrors *now*;
Yet sure on Caledonian plain
The stranger never sued in vain.
'T is yours the hospitable task
To give the applause she dare not ask;
And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
The pilgrim's blessing be their meed!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1834

SONNET

WRITTEN IN JULY, 1824

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

How oft, amid the heap'd and bedded hay,
Under the oak's broad shadow deep and
strong,
Have we sat listening to the noon-day song,
(If song it were), monotonously gay,
Which crept along the field, the summer lay
O' the grasshopper. Summer is come in
pride
Of fruit and flower, garlanded as a bride,
And crown'd with corn, and graced with length
of day:
But cold is come with her. We sit not now,
Listening that merry music of the earth,
Like Ariel beneath the blossom'd bough;
But all for chillness round the social hearth
We cluster.—Hark! a sound of kindred mirth
Echoes! Oh, wintery cricket, welcome thou!

From FORGET ME NOT, 1827

THE PROPOSAL

BY L. E. L.

THE summer sun looks laughing through the
bough

Thick with the clustering leaves; a thousand
flowers

Lift up their bright eyes to the fanning wind;

Songs are upon the air—a general song,

Many in one—the linnet and the thrush

Join with the blackbird in sweet unison.

All places are now fair, but far most fair

Is a lone garden by the river's side—

A garden of the ancient times, adorned

With quaint devices; branches cut in shapes

Of courtly fashion; and with terraces

Where foreign plants are ranged, and green-
house flowers.

The white camelia in soft ivory carved—

The cactus, like a shining serpent, wreathed

With a red crown of rubies—orange trees

With small gold fruits, and buds that are like
snow.

On such a terrace stands the maiden here:

So fair a face must love and be beloved

By summer flowers; each has so much of each

In either's nature. She is standing now
With eyes downcast and blue; the violet hides
So its deep colours and its dew from noon.
The rose is on her cheek; an unquiet bloom
That comes and goes, then settles down at last
In one rich flash of pleasure. What a smile!
A heartfelt conscious smile, scarce parts the lips
That seem as if they sighed; the deep-drawn
 sigh
Of anxious happiness, which builds on hope.
A scroll is in her hand; it bears the words
Of one who loves her—dear as his own life.
What will her answer be? A down-cast eye,
A blush, a smile—What can their answer be?
Yes—only "Yes!"

From THE AMULET, 1835

ST. AGNES

BY ALFRED TENNYSON

DEEP on the convent roofs the snows
Are sparkling to the moon,
My breath to Heaven like vapour goes,
May my soul follow soon.
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours,
That lead me to my Lord.
Make thou my spirit pure and clear,
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That on my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark
To yonder shining ground,
As this pale taper's earthly spark
To yonder argent round;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before thee;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be.
Break up the Heavens, O Lord! and far
Through all yon starlight keen

Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors,
The flashes come and go;
All Heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strews her lights below,
And deepens on and up: the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me the heavenly bridegroom waits,
To wash me pure from sin.
The Sabbaths of eternity—
One Sabbath deep and wide;
A light upon the shining sea—
The bridegroom with his bride!

From THE KEEPSAKE, 1837

VICTORIA

OPENING THE PARLIAMENT OF 1841

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY

There was a scene of pomp.

The ancient hall,

Where Britain's highest, in their wisdom meet,
Show'd proud array of noble and of peer,
Prelate and judge, each in his fitting robes
Of rank and power. And beauty lent her
 charms,
For, with plum'd brows, the island-peeresses
Bare themselves nobly. Distant realms were
 there
In embassy, from the far, jewell'd East,
To that which greenly meets the setting sun,
My own young native land.

Long was the pause

Of expectation. Then the cannon spake,
The trumpets flourish'd bravely, and the
 throne
Of old Plantagenet, that stood so firm,
While years, and blasts, and earthquake-shocks
 dissolv'd
The linked dynasty of many climes,

Took in its golden arms a fair young form,
The Lady of the kingdoms. With clear eye
And queenly grace, gentle, yet self-possess,
She met the fix'd gaze of the earnest throng,
Scanning her close. And I remember'd well
How it was said that tears o'erflow'd her cheek,
When summon'd first for cares of state to yield
Her girlhood's joys.

In her fair hand she held
A scroll, and, with a clear and silver tone
Of wondrous melody, descanted free
Of foreign climes, where Albion's ships had
borne
Their thunders, and of those who dwelt at
peace,
In prosperous commerce, and of some who
frown'd
In latent anger, murmuring notes of war,
Until the British Lion clear'd his brow,
To mediate between them, with a branch
Of olive in his paw. 'Twas strange to me,
To hear so young a creature speak so well,
And eloquent, of nations, and their rights,
Their equal balance, and their policies,
Which we, in our republic, think that none
Can comprehend, save grave and bearded men.

Her words went wandering wide o'er all the
earth,

For so her sphere requir'd. But there was still
Something she said not, though all closely
twin'd

With her heart's inmost core. Yes, there was
one,

One little word, imbedded in her soul,
Which yet she utter'd not.

Fruitful in change
Had been the fleeting year. When last she stood
In this august assembly, to convoke
The power of parliament, the crown adorn'd
A maiden brow: but now that vow had pass'd
Which Death alone can break, and a new soul
Come forth to witness it. And by the seed
Of those most strong affections, dropp'd by
Heaven

In a rich soil, I knew there was a germ
That fain would have disclos'd itself in sound,
If unsupprest. Through her transparent brow,
I could discern that word, close wrapp'd in love,
And dearer than all royal pageantry.

Thy *babe*, young Mother! Thy sweet, first-born
babe!

That was the word.

And yet, she spoke it not,
But rose, and, leaning on her consort's arm,
Pass'd forth. And, as the gorgeous car of state,
By noble coursers borne exultingly,
Drew near, the people's acclamations rose

Loud, and re-echoed wildly to the sky.
Long may their loyalty and love be thine,
Daughter of many kings!—and thou the right
Of peasant as of prince maintain, and heed
The cry of lowly poverty, as one
Who must account to God! So, unto Him,
From many a quiet fireside of thy realm,
At the still hour of prayer, thy name shall rise,
Blent with that name which thou didst leave
 unsaid,
And blessings which shall last, when sceptres
 fall,
And crowns are dust, be tenderly invok'd
On the young Sovereign and her cradled babe.

From FORGET ME NOT, 1843

London,
Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1841.

VERSES FOR AN ALBUM

BY CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

FRESH clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright.

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care,
And friends, and foes, in foul or fair,
Have "written strange defeature" there.

And time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp'd sad dates—he can't recall.

And error, gilding worst designs—
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

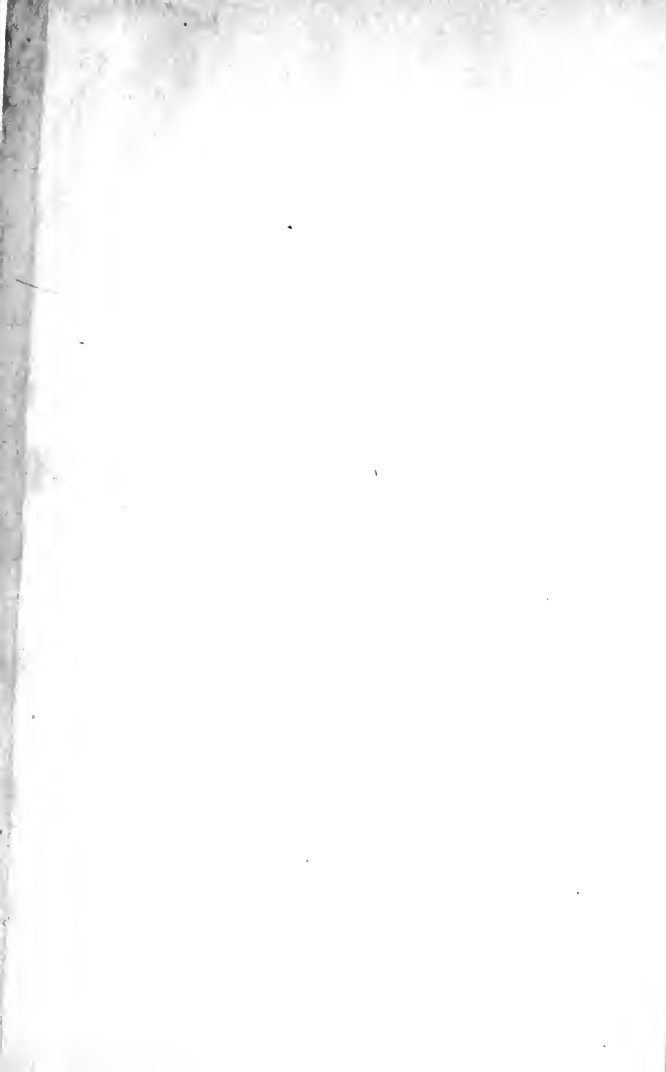
And vice hath left his ugly blot—
And good resolves, a moment hot,
Fairly began—but finish'd not.

And fruitless late remorse doth trace—
Like Hebrew lore, a backward pace—
Her irrecoverable race.

Disjointed numbers—sense unknot—
Huge reams of folly—shreds of wit—
Compose the mingled mass of it.

My scalded eyes no longer brook,
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look.
Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book!—

From THE BIJOU.





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